

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*DAVID SIMPLE:*

Containing  
An ACCOUNT of his TRAVELS  
Through the  
CITIES of LONDON and  
WESTMINSTER,  
In the Search of  
A REAL FRIEND.

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By a LADY.

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VOL. II.

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THE FOURTH EDITION,  
Revised and Corrected, with *Alterations* and *Additions*.

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BOOK III.

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CHAP. I.

*The Continuation of the History of CAMILLA.*



THE next Day, the first Opportunity *Camilla* had of being alone with *David*, on his Desire, she proceeded as follows :

*VALENTINE* was now all the Comfort I had left me ; his Passions were either not so strong, or his Resolutions stronger ; for he bore up much better than I did, altho' I found his Sentiments were the same with mine. We were always together, from which *Livia* possessed my Father with an Opinion, that we were making *Parties* in the House against them. I was so altered with the continual Uneasiness of my Mind, that no one would have known me. This, which was owing to my tender Regret for the Loss of a Parent's Love, was imputed

to Rancour and Malice ; thus my very Grief was turned to my Disadvantage. My Father, whose Nature was open and generous, was as it were intoxicated by his Passion for this Woman ; and grew, like her, suspicious of every thing around him. She soon perceived the success of her pernicious Designs, and omitted no Pains, nor no Falshoods to improve it. In short, was I to tell you all the little Arts she used to make us miserable, to impose on the Man who doated on her to Distraction, and in the end to ruin herself, it would fill Volumes, and tire your Patience. Whenever she had laid any extravagant Scheme to spend Money, she never directly proposed it, but only gave a hint, that it would be agreeable to her. If it happened to be a thing her Husband thought very unreasonable, and he did not catch immediately at the least Intimation of her Pleasure, and speak of it as if it was his own Desire, and in a manner force her to comply with it, in appearance against her Will ; she then threw herself out of humour, and contrived all manner of ways to plague him ; and when she saw him in Agonies at her Frowns, she often said things to him, I really would not say to the greatest Enemy I had in the World. But I must take Shame to myself, and own a Weakness which you perhaps will condemn me for ; but I could not help being sometimes a little pleased at seeing my Father teased, by the Woman he himself suffered to be so great a Curse to me and *Valentine*. “ Here *David* sighed, and looked down, not answering “ one Word ; for he could not approve, and he would “ not condemn her. *Camilla* observed him, and hastened to take him out of that Perplexity she saw him in, “ by turning again to the brighter Side of her own “ Character ; and went on as follows.” But then she carried this on to so great a degree, that the Misery I saw my once fond Father in, raised all my Tenderness for him ; the Comparison between her Behaviour, and that of my dear Mother (who made it the Business of her Life to please him) and my own, who watched his very Looks, and carefully obeyed their Motions, with various Scenes which formerly had passed, rushed at once into my Memory, and I often left the Room with Tears in my Eyes.

SHE knew so well the Bent of his Temper, and how far she might venture, that she would carry it exactly as far as he could bear. But when she found he began to grow warm, and retort her Ill nature, she could at once turn from a Devil into an Angel. This sudden Change of the Mind, from Pain to Pleasure, had always such an Effect on him, that he in a moment forgot all she had said or done to hurt him, and thought of nothing but her present Good-humour. The being reconciled, was so great a Heaven to him, he condemned himself for having offended such a *charming Creature*; and was in Raptures at her great Goodness in forgiving him; would ask a thousand Pardons, and be amazed at her *Condescension* in granting them. His Fondness was greater than before; for all violent Passions, put a stop to but for a moment, increase on their return, as Rivers flow faster after any Interruption in their Course. People who really love, will grant any think in the moment of Reconciliation. My Father would then think what he should do, to return all this *Softness* and *Tenderness*; and ten to one but he hit on the very thing which had been the Cause of all her Ill-humour; he would then intreat her to oblige him so much as to do what he knew she had most mind to; which, after Objections enough to shew him the Obligations he owed her for complying, she consented to. Thus every thing fell into the right Channel again; my Father was the happiest Man in the World, and had nothing to vex him, but the Enmity he was made believe his Children had to him.

Poor *Valentine* and I walked about the House forlorn and neglected; what I felt, (and I dare assert the same of him, at the Alteration in our Father's Behaviour) I shall not attempt to describe, as I am very certain no Words can express it so strongly as your own Imagination will suggest it to you. But *Livia* was not yet contented, altho' we were made miserable; we were not utterly abandoned, altho' she had contrived to give my Father an ill Opinion of us; nay, unless she could even prevail on him, to turn us out of Doors, which unless she could make us appear guilty of some monstrous Villainy, she despaired of effecting.

As the bringing us into absolute Disgrace with my Father, was her greatest Grief, so she constantly pretended it was her greatest Fear : For all her Power was owing to his Blindness ; and had she done any thing to have opened his Eyes, the Goodness of his Heart would have made him detest, as much as now he loved her. She was obliged therefore to be cautious in what she did ; for the way to bring things about with men, who have no ill Designs of their own, is to work underhand, by pretending our Views are good.

SHE had so long been our Enemy, and endeavoured to impose us, as her's, on my Father, that I really believe at last she imposed on herself, and thought we were so. She watched us about the House, as if she was afraid we should do some mischief : She did not concern herself much about *Valentine* ; and thought, as we were looked on to love one another, in such a manner, that what one did, was always approved by the other, as I was the most passionate, and had least Command of my Temper, I was the properest Person to work on. She therefore continually did all she could to provoke me into Passions, and work me into Madness, that I might not know what I said or did.

“ *DAVID* could not forbear sighing at such a piece  
“ of Barbarity, but would not interrupt *Camilla's* Nar-  
“ ration : only begged to know what could be the End  
“ of all these Designs of her Mother's, and how far her  
“ Father could be blinded by his Passion.

ALAS ! Sir, answered *Camilla*, there is no knowing how far Passions of that kind will carry People ; they go Lengths, which they themselves at first would be perfectly startled at, and are guilty of Actions, which, were they to hear of a third Person, they would condemn, and think themselves utterly incapable of. Perhaps you will wonder to hear me say it, but I could never enough get the better of the Opinion I had fixed of my Father's Goodness, not to think if his Mind had been less great, his Actions would have been better ; for that Tenderness and Good nature, which made him really love the Object that gave him Pleasure, was the Cause of all his Errors. A Man who looks upon a Woman as a Creature formed for his Diversion, and who has neither  
Com-



Compassion nor Good-will towards her, can never be worked on by her arts to do himself or another an Injury. Women have it in their power at once to please all the Passions a Man can be possessed of; he is flattered by her liking him, melted into Tenderness (if he has any) by her Softness, and easily drawn in to esteem her, if she thinks it worth her while to gain his Friendship; because he finds she pleases him, and he would not willingly think he can be thus pleased with a Creature unworthy his Esteem. So that a Man, in some measure, *thinks it necessary, in order to prove his own Judgment, to justify the Woman he finds he cannot help being fond of.* This is a Passion I have always observed People of Merit to be most liable to. If it happens to light on a Woman, who really deserves it, the Man becomes a greater Blessing to all his Acquaintance, his Thoughts are more refined; and, by continually being influenced by a Person who has no other View, but to promote his Interest and Honour; all the little Carelessnesses of his Temper are corrected, and he is visibly both happier and better than he was before. But if, on the contrary, as in the Case of *Livia* and my Father, the Woman looks on her Husband's Love for her, in no other Light, but as it gives her an Opportunity to make a Prey of his Fortune, and to impose on his Understanding; the latter will be destroyed as fast as the former is spent, his Friends will drop from him, he will find a Fault somewhere, and from a Desire not to impute it to the right Cause, not know where to place it. He will awaken that Suspicion *which always sleeps at Wisdom's Gate*, and find he has roused a Fury, which neither "Poppies, nor Mandragora, nor all the drowsy Syrups of the World can medicine to sweet Sleep again."

BUT I ask pardon, I am led into a Subject I could for ever expatiate on, and forget, while I am indulging myself, you, Sir, may be tired: I will therefore now bring myself back to the Thread of my Story, as well as I am able. This was the Life the whole Family led; my Father was continually uneasy, at seeing a Disagreement between us and his Wife. My Mother spent her whole Time, in considering which way she should best carry on her pernicious Schemes. *Valentine* walked a-



bout silent and discontented, and as for my part, I was worked by my Passions in such a manner, that I hardly knew one thing from another, nor can I think I was perfectly in my Senses.

I tell you, Sir, every thing without Order, and hope you will be so good as to forgive the Incoherence of my Style. I remember once, when my Mother's Extravagance had drove her Husband to great Distress, and he knew not which way to turn himself, I asked no Questions, but borrowed some Money of an intimate Friend of mine, and brought it to them. My Father, who, tho' he was cajoled and deceived by his Wife's Cunning, yet in his Heart was all Goodness, could not help being pleased with this Instance of my Love and Duty ; and as he had no Deceit in him, did not endeavour to conceal it. I saw *Livia* had rather have suffered any thing than have given me an Opportunity of acting what my Father was pleased to esteem a generous Part : however, she carried it off in such a manner, that her fond Lover never perceived it gave her any Disquiet. I declare, I did it sincerely to serve them, and had no other View in it. I had for some time had such a despair in my Mind, of ever enjoying myself again, that even that Despair really gave me some sort of Ease ; but this Action of mine, had revived my Father's former Tenderness, just enough to bring to my Remembrance all I had lost. The little while this continued, I was more miserable than when he quite neglected me ; for now the want of those trifling Instances of his Affection I once enjoyed, began to rise in my Mind again, and I had all the Pain my Heart had felt at the Loss of them, to suffer afresh. I had spent a great deal of Time in endeavouring to calm my Mind, and inure it to bear ill Usage : but this little View of Pleasure, this small Return of Hope, quite got the better of all my Resolutions. For I am convinced, that to live with any body we have once loved, and fancy we have, by any Wisdom or Philosophy of our own, put it out of their power to hurt us, is feeding ourselves with a vain Chimæra, and flattering our Pride, with being able to do more than is in the power of any Mortal.

*LIVIA* saw the Agitations of Mind I suffered, and was resolved to make them subservient to her Purposes.

She,

She, therefore, one Morning, as I was musing and revolving in my Mind, the Difference of my present Situation, from what it had formerly been, came into my Room with all the Appearance of Good-humour, and sat and talked for some time of indifferent things; at last, she fell into a Discourse on our private Affairs, in which, she took an Opportunity, of saying all the most shocking Things she could think of, altho' she kept up to the strictest Rules of Civility; for she valued herself much upon her *Politeness*: and I have observed several People value themselves greatly on their own good Breeding, whose Politeness consists in nothing more than an Art of hurting others, without making Use of vulgar Terms.

WHEN *Livia* had by these Means worked me up to a Rage, then she had her Ends. She knew my Father was reading in a Room very near us, she therefore exalted her Voice to such a pitch, that it was impossible for him not to hear her; this immediately brought him to know what was the matter: He found me endeavouring to speak, and yet from the Variety of Passions working in my Mind, unable to utter my Words: for from what we had been talking of, the Idea of all the Torments I had suffered from the Time I first observed a Decline in my Father's Affections, rushed at once upon my Thoughts, and quite overpower'd me. *Livia* looked as pale as Death; for thus provoked, I could not help telling her what I thought of her Behaviour. Her Pride could not bear to think I knew her, so that I believe she was at last in as great a Passion as *she* could be; but she never was carried so far, as to forget her main View. My Father looked wild, at seeing us in this Condition, and desired *Livia* to tell him, what could be the Cause of all this Confusion; solemnly affirming, "That no nearness of Blood, or any Tye  
" whatever should screen the Person from his Anger,  
" who could use her in such a Way as to ruffle that  
" *Sweetness of Temper*, which he knew nothing but the  
" highest Provocation could so much get the better of,  
" as to make her talk so loud, and look so discomposed."  
By this time she had enough recollected herself to think of an Answer proper for her Purpose, and told him, "It

“ was no matter now—it was over—she had recovered herself again ; but I had been in a violent Passion, “ only because she said ——” And then she repeated some trifling things, which however had two Meanings, and the different Manner she now spoke it in, from what she had done before, gave it quite another Turn ; and you may be sure her Husband took it in the most favourable Sense. But said she, “ I must have been a “ Stock or a Stone, and have had no manner of Feeling, if I had not been provoked at the Answers she “ made.” On which she chose to repeat the most virulent Expression I had made use of. And, I confess, I was quite unguarded, and said whatever I was prompted to by my Rage. She concluded, by saying, “ there “ should be an end of it ; for now she was calm again.” During the Time she was speaking, the poor unhappy deceived Man stared with Fury, his Eye-Balls rolled, and like *Orbello*, he bit his nether Lip with Fury. At last, he suddenly sprung forward, and struck me.

WHILE *Camilla* was relating this last Transaction, her Voice faltered by degrees, till she was able to speak no more. She trembled with the Agonies, the Remembrance of past Afflictions threw her into ; and at last fainted away. *David* caught her in his Arms, but knew not what to do, to bring her to life again ; for he was almost in the same Condition himself.

AT this very Instant *Valentine* entered the Room ; he was amazed at this Scene, and knew not to what Cause to ascribe it. However, his present Thoughts were all employed in Considerations how he could help his Sister ; he ran for Water, and threw it in her Face ; which soon brought her to herself. The Brother and *David*, were both rejoiced to hear her speak again, but particularly *David*, for he really thought she had been dead. The rest of the Evening passed in Conversation on indifferent things. *Valentine* seemed more thoughtful than usual ; *Camilla* observed it, and could not help being uneasy : she was terrified lest he should have met with some new Vexation. However, as he did not mention any thing, she would not ask him before a third Person. When they retired to Rest, *Valentine* followed her into her Room, and seemed as if he had something to say to her, which

which he, was afraid to disclose, and yet was unable to conceal ; for his Love for *Camilla* was quite of a different kind from that of those Brothers, who, by their Fathers having more Concern for the keeping up the Grandeur of their Names, than for the Welfare of their Posterity, having got the Possession of all the Estate of the Family, out of meer *Kindness* and *Good Nature*, allow their Sisters enough out of it to keep them from starving in some Hole in the Country ; where their small Subsistence just serves to sustain them the longer in their Misery, and prevents them from appearing in the World to disgrace their Brother, by their Poverty.

*VALENTINE* was afraid to say any thing which could any ways be shocking to the Person he would never have been ashamed of owning a Friendship for, notwithstanding she was a Woman. *Camilla* saw him in perplexity, and begged him to let her know what it was that grieved him ; and if it was in her power, by any Labour or Pains, either to relieve or comfort him, assured him of her Assistance. *Valentine* then made the following Reply : “ My dear *Camilla*, I am certain, “ wants no Proof of my sincere Affection, and I must “ confess all my present Uneasiness is on your account : “ The Condition I just now found you in, with the “ Confusion in Mr. *Simple*’s Looks, raised Fears in my “ Breast, lest you should be now going to suffer, if possible, more than you have already gone through ; for “ in Minds as generous as I know yours to be, the “ strongest Affections are those which are first raised by “ Obligations. I am not naturally suspicious ; but the “ Experience I have already had of Mankind, and the “ Beauty of your Form, with the Anxiety I am always “ in for your Welfare, inclines me to fear the worst. “ You, of all Womankind, should be most careful how “ you enter into any Engagements of Love ; for that “ Softness of Disposition, and all that Tenderness you “ are possessed of, will expose you to the utmost Misery ; and, unless you meet with a Man whose Temper is like your own, which will be no easy matter “ for you to do ; you will be as unwise to throw away “ all the Goodness you are mistress of on him, as a Man “ would be, who had a great Stock in Trade, to join it “ with



“ with another, who not only was worth nothing of  
“ his own, but was a Spendthrift, and insensible of the  
“ great Good he was doing him. I acknowledge this  
“ Gentleman has behaved to us both in a manner which  
“ demands the Return of all our most grateful Senti-  
“ ments ; but if what he has done should he owing to  
“ his liking of your Person, and he should be plotting  
“ your Misery, instead of your Welfare, I had rather  
“ be in the Condition he found us in, than be relieved  
“ by any one, who can have so mean, so despicable a  
“ way of thinking.” *Camilla* hearkened with the ut-  
most Attention, while *Valentine* was speaking ; and,  
when he had finished, told him, she thought she could  
never enough acknowledge his Kindness in his Concern  
for her ; but she assured him, that by all she could ob-  
serve in Mr. *Simple*’s Behaviour, and she had narrowly  
examined all his Words and Actions, she could not but  
think he had as much Honour as he made an outward  
Profession of. That indeed she could not deny but that  
she thought he had some Regard for her ; but he seemed  
rather afraid to let her know it, than solicitous to make  
an appearance of it, which she imputed to his Delicacy,  
lest she should suspect he took any advantage of her un-  
happy Circumstances, or thought what he had done for  
us, ought to lay any Restraint on her Affections. She  
desired her Brother not to be uneasy ; told him, that it  
was the repetition of what she could never remember  
without Horror, that had thrown her into the way he  
found her in ; assuring him, if *David* mentioned any  
thing of Love to her, she would tell him of it ; and con-  
duct herself by his Advice. After this Promise, he  
took his leave of her, and went to bed.

*DAVID* could get but little Sleep that Night, for the  
various Reflections which crowded into his Mind, on the  
Story he had heard that Day. All the good Qualities  
*Camilla* intimated her Father was possessed of, and yet  
his being capable of acting in such a manner, by such  
a Daughter, were melancholy Indications to him, that  
a perfect Character was no where to be found. When  
he thought on *Camilla*’s Sufferings, his Indignation was  
raised against him : Then, when he remembered that  
all his Faults were owing to being deceived by a Wo-  
man.



man of *Livia's* Art, he could not help having a Compassion for him. But from this Scene, which he looked on with Terror, there was a sudden Transition in his Mind to the Idea of all *Camilla's* Softness and Goodness. On this he dwelt with the utmost Rapture, but was often interrupted in this pleasing Dream, tho' much against his Will, by the Remembrance of her owning she had sometimes been weak enough to triumph in her Heart, at seeing *Livia* tease her Father; but then so many Excuses immediately presented themselves to plead in his Breast for *Camilla*, that had her Frailties been much greater, they would not have prevented his thinking, that in her he had met with all he wished. He longed for an Opportunity of hearing the rest of her Story; for he was now perfectly sure that he should hear nothing in it but what was to her Advantage. And the next time *Valentine* was gone out of the way, *Camilla*, by his earnest Desire, went on with her History in the following manner.

## C H A P. II.

*A Continuation of the History of CAMILLA.*

I CEASED, Sir, at a Part, the Remembrance of which always affects me in such a manner, that my Resolution is not strong enough to keep Life in me, at the repetition of it. It was the first time my Father had ever struck me, tho' I had been bred up with him from my Infancy: I was stunned with the Blow, but my Senses soon returned, and brought with them that Train of horrible Thoughts, which it is equally impossible for me ever to root from my Memory, or to find Words in any Language capable of expressing. When my Father saw me fall, I believe he was at first frighten'd: He took me up, and set me upon the Bed; but the moment *Livia* saw there was no real Hurt done, fearing he should relent, and make it up with me again, she hurried him out of the Room, under the pretence of being frighten'd at his Passion, saying, "She would not that he should have struck me on any account, especially in her Quarrel, for she could bear it all." And then she put him in mind again, of what she thought he would

would be most displeased at my saying. I had not spoke one Word, nor was I able. The Moment they were gone, I threw myself back on the Bed, in greater Agonies than the strongest Imagination can paint, or than I can comprehend how human Nature is able to survive. My Father's leaving me in this Condition, without giving himself any farther Trouble about what I suffered, or to find out whether I really deserved this Treatment, hurt me more than even his striking me had done.

IN this miserable Condition I lay till *Valentine* came in ; it was his Custom always to come up immediately to me, after he had been abroad : The poor Creature found me almost drowned in Tears, and unable to tell the Cause of them. He guessed *Livia* was at the bottom of whatever it was that made me in this Situation. He at first swore, he would go and know from her what she had done to me. I caught hold of him, and shewed him by my Looks that nothing would hurt me so much ; and by that means prevailed with him to sit down by me, till I could recover myself enough to speak ; when, with the Interruption of Sighs and Tears, I told him every thing that had happened. *Valentine*, who is very far from being passionate, (but the Passions of Men who are not subject to be ruffled, are much more to be dreaded, than those of a sort of People, who can have their whole Frame shaken, and torn to pieces, about every Grain of Mustard-Seed or every Blast of Wind) when he had heard me out, grew outrageous, “ insisted that I would let him go, “ for he was resolved no Respect, even for his Father, “ should prevent his telling *Livia*, she should not use me “ in that manner. Nay, and before her Husband's face, “ he would display all her Tricks, and she him how she “ imposed on him.”

I WAS now frighten'd to death, for I would not have had my Father and Brother met, while he was in this Humour, for the whole World. I still kept hold of him, and begged him, with all the most endearing Expressions I was mistress of, not to increase my Misery ; but to sit down till he was cool, that we might consult together, what was best for us to do. He was so good, in Consideration for me, to comply with my Request, and I did all I could to calm his Passion, and when I found he was able  
to

to hearken to me, I cried out, " Oh ! *Valentine*, in  
" this House I can live no longer ; the Sight of my  
" Father, now I have such evident Proofs his Affection  
" is so entirely alienated from me, is become as great a  
" Torment to me as ever it was a Blessing. I value not  
" what I shall go through in being a Vagabond, and  
" not knowing where to go ; for I am certain, no  
" Poverty, no Misery can ever equal what I suffer  
" here. But then, how shall I leave you ! Can I bear  
" to be separated from the only Comfort I have left in  
" the World, or can I be the Cause of your leaving  
" your Father's House, and subjecting you to, perhaps,  
" more Afflictions than you already endure ! 'Tis that  
" Thought distracts my Mind ! for as to myself, I am  
" careless of every thing future, and am sure nothing,  
" when I am absent from hence, can ever make me  
" feel what I do at this Moment ; nor would I have  
" borne it so long, had it not been for fear of bringing  
" greater Mischiefs on your Head, than what you now  
" suffer."

*VALENTINE* swore he would never forsake me,  
" that he would accompany me wherever I pleased, and  
" be my Support and Guard to the utmost of his pow-  
" er ; for that he valued his Life no longer than it con-  
" duced to that end ; but he thought it adviseable we  
" should make one Effort, before we took such a Step,  
" to convince my Father of *Livia's* Treachery, and lay  
" before him how she had used us ; perhaps his Affec-  
" tion might return for us, his Eyes might be opened,  
" and every Thing be right again."

I CONSIDERED a Moment, and then replied ; My  
dear Brother, I am very certain my Father's Passion for  
this Woman must be without all Bounds, or he could  
never have been influenced by any Arts of her's to strike  
me, and use me as he has done. Were we to attempt  
to open his Eyes on her Faults, he would not hearken  
to us, and only hate us the more ; and, could we give  
him any Suspicion of her, it would only make him un-  
happy, which, let him use me ever so cruelly, the World  
could not bribe me to wish him ; for, as I take his  
Fondness for *Livia* to be unconquerable, all the Ease  
he has he owes to his Blindness : and I am sure, if a  
Man

Man was put in heavy Chains, which he had no means of taking off, and was mad enough to deceive himself, and fancy they were Bracelets made of the finest Jewels, and Strings of the softest Silk, that Man would be very little his Friend, who should take Pains to convince him they were made of Iron, till he felt all their Weight, and was sensible of his own unhappy Condition. Nay, if I loved him, and was confined within his reach, and he should carry his Madness so far as to strike me with the Iron, fancying it was so soft I could not feel it, while the Hurt was not great enough to throw me off my Guard, I would not tell him of it. Indeed I would get from him, if it was in my power, as I will now from my Father, lest I should be tempted to act a Part I myself think wrong, and contrive some Method of undeceiving him, to his own Misery.

VALENTINE was by this time quite cool, and approved of what I had said. We therefore took a Resolution of going from thence, tho' we knew not whither, nor who would receive us. We at last recollected we had an old Aunt, who used to be very kind to us, and appeared to have taken a great Fancy to *Valentine*: to her, therefore we went, and begged her, for some little time, till we could settle what to do with ourselves, to let us remain in her House. We told her as much of what had happened, as we thought just necessary to plead for us in going from our Father's House; but with the greatest Caution, that we might throw as little Blame on him as possible. We could not avoid letting her a little into *Livia's* Behaviour, for we had no other Justification for what we had done. "She said, she was very much amazed at what we told her, for "*Livia* had a very good Character; but she supposed this was a passionate Quarrel, and she would take care of us, till such time as it could be made up again." We assured her that was impossible, that we would on no account ever go back again to a Place we had suffered so much in: And only intreated as the greatest Favour, that she would grant us some little Corner of her House to be in, and let nobody know we were there. She took little notice of what we said, but resolved to act her own way.



THE next day she went out, and at her return came into the Room where we were, with the greatest Fury imaginable in her Looks ; and asked us, " What it was " we meant, by telling her a Story of *Livia's* ill " Usage, and God knows what ; and endeavouring to " impose on her, and make her accessary to our wicked " Conversation with each other : Brother and Sister !— " it was unnatural, she did not think the World had " been arrived at such a pitch of Wickedness." She ran on in this manner for a great while, without giving us leave to answer her.

*VALENTINE* and I stood staring at one another, for we did not understand one Word she said : At last, when she had talked herself out of breath, I begged her to explain herself, for I was really at a loss to know what she meant ; if she had any Thing to lay to our Charge, and would please to let us know what it was, we were ready to justify ourselves. Then she began again, " Oh ! undoubtedly you are very innocent People—you don't know what I mean."

THEN she launch'd out into a long Harangue on the crying and abominable Sin of Incest, wrung her Hands, and seemed in the greatest Affliction, that ever she should live to hear a Nephew and Niece of hers could be such odious Creatures. At last I guessed what she would insinuate ; but, as I knew myself perfectly innocent, could not imagine how such a Thought could come into her Head. I begged her for God's sake to let me know who could have filled her Ears with such a horrid Story ; and by degrees I got it out of her. It seems this good Woman had been at my Father's that Afternoon, with a Design of reconciling and bringing us together again : when she came in, she found *Livia* and her Husband sitting together ; after the usual Compliments of Civility were past, she began to mention us, told them we were at her House : and that she was come with an Intention of making up some little Disputes she understood there had been between us. *Livia* now acted a Part, which perhaps she had not long intended ; but I am convinced, whoever is capable unprovoked to do another an Injury, will stop at nothing to carry their Schemes through : and, if they find no Villainy in the Person they thus unde-



undeservedly profecute, they will make no scruple of inventing any thing, ever so bad for their own Justification.

THE Moment my Aunt mentioned us, *Livia* fell into a violent Passion of crying, and said, she was sure she was the most *unfortunate Woman* alive: She did not doubt but we had told her every thing we could think of to vilify her; for we were cunning enough to know, that Mothers-in-law were easily believed by the World to be in fault, tho' she was sure she had always acted by us, as if we had been her own Children. She said, her chief Concern now was *for us*, for that she was in the utmost Consternation, to think what the World would say of us; a young Man and Woman running away together from their Father's House, without any reason, (and she was sure she knew of none) had a very bad Appearance: And, as all our Acquaintance knew we had always had a remarkable Fondness for each other, that Circumstance would corroborate the Suspicion. Then she mentioned several little Instances in which *Valentine* and I had shewn our reciprocal Love; adding, that altho' she had great reason to believe we both hated her, yet, as we were so nearly related to the *Man she loved*, she could not help being concerned for our Welfare. As she spoke this, she look'd at her Husband with such an Air of Softness and Tendernefs, as she knew would be the strongest Proof imaginable to him of her Sincerity. My Father stood for some little time in Amazement, and was struck with the utmost Horror at the Thought *Livia* had suggested to him; and then swore he would send for us home, and lock us up separately from each other. This would utterly have frustrated all *Livia's* Designs; for she knew the Temper of the Man she had to deal with, well enough to be satisfied if once we came home again, Time would bring about a Reconciliation between my Father and us, which she was resolved to prevent; and therefore, as she had gone so far, she thought herself now under a necessity to go through with it. Few People stop in the midst of Villainies, as the first Step is much the hardest to get over.

LIVIA

*LIVIA* therefore, with the Appearance of the greatest Perturbation of Mind, as if it was the utmost Force to her in this Case, even to speak the Truth, and, with Tears in her Eyes, said, Things were now come to such an Extremity, that, in order to prevent her Husband's having any Suspicion of her giving his Children any Cause for their Hatred, she was forced against her Will to confess she knew the reason of our Aversion to her. I have discovered a Secret, my Dear——— Here she made a Pause and then desired to be excused from proceeding any farther: But my Father, whose Soul was now on fire, insisted in the strongest manner on knowing the whole. She then with an affected Confusion and a low Voice continued thus: I accidentally found out a Secret which they feared I might one time or other discover; and therefore used all the Methods they could invent, to give their Father an ill Opinion of me, that if I told it, it might be disbelieved. She then turned to him, and said, I ought to ask your pardon, Sir, for so long concealing from you a thing which is of the utmost consequence to your Family; but it was the Fear of making you unhappy, was the reason of it, and I never could bring myself to give you the Pain you must have felt at the knowledge of it. Nay, nothing but your absolute Commands, which I shall ever obey, could even now enforce me.—It is now some time since I found out there was a criminal Conversation between your Son and Daughter; to this was owing all that Love they talked of to each other; to this may be imputed *Valentine's* Melancholy, and this was the Foundation of all the Passions you have seen *Camilla* in, which she feigned to be owing to her Grief, for our using her ill: for on their Oaths and solemn Promises of Amendment, I assured them you should know nothing of it. I don't know whether I am excusable for so doing, but I had so great a Dread of disturbing *your Peace of Mind*, that I could not prevail with myself to act otherwise, and was in hopes to have preserved your Quiet, and by this Lenity have saved *your Children* from Ruin. I have watched them all I could, (thus she artfully gave a reason for all her Actions) and it was on my speaking to *Camilla* yesterday, because  
I ob-

I observed she still continued to contrive Methods of being alone with *Valentine*, she fell into that Passion in which you found her. This, if they will come before you, I will affirm to their faces, and I think they cannot even dare to deny it.

PERHAPS, Sir, you will wonder how *Livia* could venture to go so far as this, in a thing she knew to be utterly false; but, if we consider it seriously, she hazarded nothing by it: On the contrary, this pretended Openness was the strongest Confirmation of the Truth of what she asserted. She knew very well, there could be no more than our bare Words against her's; and that, before a Judge as partial to her as her Husband, there was no danger but she should be believed. My Father now saw every thing made clear before him, the reason of all our Discontents was no longer a Secret; he was amazed at our Wickedness, and said, he was sorry he had been the Cause of such Creatures coming into the World; that he would never see us more; then concluded with a Compliment to *Livia* on her great Goodness, and wondered how it was possible any thing could be so bad, as to abuse such Softness and Good-nature. On which, *Livia* replied, she did not value our Behaviour, nothing but Necessity should have extorted from her what she always intended to conceal; and, if she might advise, he should see us again, separate us from each other, and make no noise in the World about such an Affair as this. She well knew my Father's Temper, and that his seeing she thus returned Good for Evil, would only raise his Esteem the higher for her, and exasperate him the more against us.

My Aunt was astonished at our Wickedness, and in the highest Admiration of *Livia*'s Virtue: From this Visit she came directly home to us, with a Resolution such Wretches should find no Harbour in her House, and talked to us in the manner already related.

*VALENTINE* and I were like Statues, on the hearing of all this, and it was some time before we could recollect ourselves enough to speak: This was thought to be owing to our Guilt, and the Shame of being detected, instead of Amazement and Indignation at hearing our Innocence thus falsely accused. It was in vain for

us to endeavour at clearing ourselves, for my Aunt was a very good sort of a Woman, as far as her Understanding would give her leave ; but she had the misfortune of having such a turned Head, that she was always in the wrong, and there was never any Possibility of convincing her of the contrary of any thing she had once *resolved* to believe. She had run away warmly with the Thoughts of the terrible Sin of Incest, and therefore we were to be condemned unheard, and be thought guilty without any Proof.

“ *DAVID* could contain himself no longer, but “ looking at *Camilla* with an Air of the greatest Compassion, cried out, Good God ! Madam, what have “ you suffered ! and how was you able to bear up in “ the midst of all these Afflictions ? I would rather go “ and live in some Cave, where I may never see any “ thing in a human Shape again, than hear of another “ *Livia* : and how could your Aunt be so barbarous, as “ not to give you leave to justify yourselves ? ”

So far from it, Sir, reply'd *Camilla*, my Aunt would by no means suffer such wicked Creatures, as she now believed us, to remain under the same Roof with her. Thus were we abandoned and destitute of all means of Support, for we had but one Guinea in the World ; and *Livia* took care to make the Story that we were run from home, that we might have a better Opportunity to carry on our Intrigues, fly like Lightning through all our Relations and Acquaintance. So that, altho' we tried to speak to several of them, it was in vain, no one would admit us, except one old Maiden Cousin, who, instead of doing any thing for our Relief, said all the ill-natured things (on the Report she had heard of us) the utmost Malice could think of. She had always been very circumspect in her own Conduct, and was rather a Devotee than otherwise ; and I verily believe she was glad of an Opportunity to vent her own Spleen, while she was silly enough to imagine she was exerting herself in the Cause of *Virtue*.

We knew not which way to turn ourselves ; but, as we happened to be tolerably dressed, we thought we might possibly be admitted into a Lodging where we were not known : We happened on that very House, Sir, where



where you found us, and took that little Floor you afterwards had ; but what to do for Money to pay for it, or to keep us, we could not imagine. While we were in this unhappy Situation, poor *Valentine* fell into a violent Fever ; this Misfortune made me almost distracted : what to do to support him, I could not tell ; and to see him want what was necessary for him, was what I could not bear. Drove by this Necessity, and urged on by my eager Desire to serve my Brother, I took a Resolution of trying whether I could raise Compassion enough in any Person to induce them to relieve me : I avoided all Places where I was known, but went to several Gentlemen's Houses ; I told just the Heads of my Story, concealing my Name, and all those Circumstances which might fix it on our Family ; supposing the Persons I told it to should have heard any thing of my Father, or of our running away.

AMONGST the People I went to, I found some Gentlemen who had Good nature enough, *as I then thought it*, to supply me so far, as to enable me to get *Valentine* Necessaries. My Heart was full of Gratitude towards them, and I thought I could never enough acknowledge the Obligation ; but when I went to them a second time, (for they bid me come again, when that was gone) they severally entertained me with the Beauty of my Person, and began to talk to me in a Style, which gave me to understand they were not silly enough to part with their Money for nothing. In short, I found I had nothing farther to expect from them, unless I would pay a Price I thought too dear for any thing they could do for me. Here I was again disappointed, and obliged to seek out new ways of getting Bread for us both. By the Care I had taken, I had got my Brother out of his Fever ; but it had left him so weak, he was not able to stir out of his Bed. I could not shew my Head amongst any of my old Acquaintance, and I perceived all the Ladies I applied to looked on me with *Disdain*, tho' I knew not for what reason ; and I found amongst the Men I had but one way of raising Charity. My Spirits were now quite worn out, and I was drove to the last Despair : I was almost ready to sink under the Weight of my Afflictions, and I verily believe should have  
done

done it, had it not been for the Consideration I had for *Valentine*.

It came into my Head one Morning, as I was revolving in my Mind what Step I should take next, to disguise myself in such a manner, as that no one could be under any Temptation from my Person. I made myself a Hump-back, dyed my Skin in several Places with great Spots of Yellow; so that, when I look'd in the Glass, I was almost frighten'd at my own Figure. I dress'd myself decently, and was resolv'd to try what I could procure this way. I now found there was not a Man would hearken to me: If I began to speak of my Misery, they laugh'd on one another, and seem'd to think it was no manner of Consequence what a *Wretch* suffer'd, who had it not in her power to give them any pleasure. The women, indeed, *ceas'd their Disdain*, and seem'd to take Compassion on me; but it was a very small Matter I got from them, for they all told me, "They would serve me if it was in their power:" and then sent me to somebody else, who they said was immensely rich, and could afford to give away Money; but when I came to these rich People, all I heard from them was, "a Complaint of their Poverty, and how sorry they were they could not help me." You must imagine it could not be amongst Persons in very high Life I went; for I had no means of getting into their Houses; but amongst those sort of People, where being dressed like a Gentlewoman is Passport enough for being seen and spoken to. The Figure I had borrowed availed me as little as that which Nature had given me. I began now to look on myself with Horror, and to consider I was the Cause that *Valentine* lay in such a Condition, without any Hopes of being restored to his Health again; for his Weakness was so great, it required much more than I was able to procure for him to support him. I reflected, that if I could have commanded my Passions, to have borne my Father's Slights, and *Livia's* ill Usage, with patience, he might have had Necessaries, tho' he would not have lived a pleasant Life; and I had the inexpressible Torment of thinking myself guilty of a Crime, in bringing such Miseries on the best of Brothers. This Consideration, added to all my other Sufferings,

Sufferings, had very nigh got the better of me; and how I was able to go through all this, I cannot conceive. If I had had nothing but myself to have taken care of, I certainly should have sat down and been starved to death, without making any Struggle to have withstood my hard Fate; but when I looked on *Valentine*, my Heart was ready to burst, and my Head was full of Schemes what way I should find out to bring him Comfort. At last a Thought came in my Head, that I would put on Rags, and go a begging. I immediately put this Scheme in Execution, and accordingly took my Stand at a Corner of a Street, where I stood a whole Day, and told as much of my Story, as they would hear, to every Person that passed by. Numbers shook their Heads, and cried, it was a shame so many Beggars were suffered to be in the Streets, that People could not go about their Business, without being molested by them, and walked on, without giving me any thing; but amongst the Crouds that passed by, a good many threw me a Penny, or Half-penny, till I found in the Evening my Gains amounted to half a Crown.

WHEN it grew dark, I was going joyfully home, and was very thankful for what little I had got; but on a sudden I was surrounded by three or four Fellows, who hustled me amongst them, so that I had no way to escape: one of them whispered me in the Ear, "That if I made the least Noise, I should be immediately murdered." I have often since wondered how that Threat could have any Terror on one in my Circumstances: but I don't know how it was, whether it was owing to the Timidity of my Temper, or that I was stunned with the Suddenness of the thing; I let them carry me where they would, without daring to cry out. They took me under the Arm, as if I had been of their Company, and pulled me into a Room; where, the moment they had me fast, they rifled my Bag, in which I had put all my little Treasure, and took it every Farthing from me, and then asked me, "How I dared to stand begging in their District, without their Leave; *they would have me to know, that Street belonged to them.*" And saying this, they every one struck me a Blow, and then led me through such Windings and Turnings, it  
was



was impossible I should find my way back again, and left me in a Street I did not know. But I enquired my way home; and, as I was in my Rags and my borrowed Uglinefs, was not attacked by any one. I suppose it was owing to that Disguise, that I escaped meeting with brutal Usage of another kind from those Wretches.

“DAVID shook with Horror at that Thought; “and, altho’ he had never cursed any body; yet, “when he reflected on *Camilla’s* Sufferings, he “could hardly forbear cursing *Livia*; and said, no “Punishment could be bad enough for her: He was “now afraid every time *Camilla* opened her Mouth, “what he should hear next; for he found himself “so strongly interested in every thing which concern- “ed her, that he felt in his own Mind all the Mi- “sery she had gone through, and he then asked her, “what she could possibly do in this unhappy Situa- “tion.” To which she replied, I knew not what to do, my Spirits were depressed, and worn out with Fatigue, and I felt the Effects of the rough Blow those barbarous Creatures had given me. But this indeed was trifling, in comparison of the Horror which filled my Mind, when I saw *Valentine* faint, and hardly able to speak for want of proper Nourishment, and I had no Method of getting him any.

THE Landlady of the House had been already clamorous for her Money, but I had, by Persuasions and Promises, to get it for her as soon as ever I could, pacified her from time to time. I was afraid the laying open our starving Condition to her, would be the means of being turned out of Doors; and yet, desperate as this Remedy appeared, I was forced to venture at it. I therefore called her up, and begged her to give me something to relieve the poor Wretch, whom she saw sick in bed; for that I was in the utmost Distress to get some Food for him. She fell a scolding at me, and said, “She wondered how I could think “poor People could live, and pay their Rent, if such “as I took their Lodgings, and had nothing to pay “for them; why did not I *work* as well as other “People, if I had no other means of supporting my-  
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“ self. Sure ! she did not understand what People  
“ meant by setting up for *Gentlefolks*.” I told her if she  
would be so good to get me any Employment, I would  
work my Fingers to the Bone, to pay her what I  
owed her, and only begged her to give me something  
for my present Support. “ Yes, answered she, that  
“ is a likely matter truly ! then I should have the  
“ Work to answer for, and be still a greater Loser ;  
“ for I don’t know who would trust any thing in  
“ the Hands of *Beggars*.”

“ Good God ! said *David*, have I lived under the  
“ same Roof with such a Monster, a Creature who  
“ could be so barbarous as to upbraid, instead of as-  
“ sisting her Fellow-Creatures, when drove to such a  
“ Height of Misery.”

ALAS, Sir, said *Camilla*, there is no Situation so de-  
plorable, no Condition so much to be pitied, as that of  
a Gentlewoman in real Poverty. I mean by real Po-  
verty, not having sufficient to procure us Necessaries ;  
for good Sense will teach People to moderate their De-  
sires, and lessen their way of Living, and yet be con-  
tent. Birth, Family, and Education, become Misfor-  
tunes, when we cannot attain some Means of supporting  
ourselves in the Station they throw us into ; our Friends  
and former Acquaintance look on it as a Disgrace to own  
us. In my Case, indeed, there was something peculi-  
arly unhappy ; for my Loss of Reputation gave my Re-  
lations some Excuse for their Barbarity : tho’ I am con-  
fident they would have acted near the same Part without  
it. Men think our Circumstances give them a Liberty  
to shock our Ears with Proposals ever so dishonourable ;  
and I am afraid there are Women, who do not feel  
much Uneasiness, at seeing any one who is used to be  
upon a Level with themselves, thrown greatly below  
them. If we were to attempt getting our Living by  
any Trade, People in that Station would think we were  
endeavouring to take their Bread out of their mouths,  
and combine together against us ; saying, we must cer-  
tainly deserve our Distress, or our *great Relations* would  
support us. Men in very high Life are taken up with  
such various Cares, that were they ever so good-natured,  
they cannot hearken to every body’s Complaint, who  
applies

applies to them for Relief. And the lower sort of People use a Person who was born in a higher Station, and is thrown amongst them by any Misfortune, just as I have seen Cows in a Field use one another : for, if by accident any of them falls into a Ditch, the rest all kick against them, and endeavour to keep them down, that they may not get out again. They will not suffer us to be equal with them, and get our Bread as they do ; if we cannot be above them, they will have the Pleasure of casting us down infinitely below them. In short, Persons who are so unfortunate as to be in this Situation, are in a World full of People, and yet are as solitary as if they were in the wildest Desert ; no body will allow them to be of their Rank, nor admit them into their Community. They see all the Blessings which Nature deals out with such a lavish Hand, to all her Creatures, without finding any Possibility of sharing the least Part of them. This, Sir, was my miserable Case, till your Bounty relieved me.

THE Raptures *Dawid* felt at that Moment, when *Camilla* had thus suddenly turned his Thoughts on the Consideration that he was the Cause she was relieved, from that most miserable of all Conditions, which she had just described, are not to be expressed ; and can only be imagined by those People who are capable of the same Actions. He could not forbear crying out, “ was he “ to live a thousand Years, he could never meet with “ another Pleasure equal to the Thought of having served her: And said, it she thought herself any way obliged to him, the only Favour he had to ask of her, “ in return, was never to mention it more.” She was amazed at his Generosity, however, took no further Notice of it, but went on thus with her Story.

WHILST this hard-hearted Woman, Sir, was talking in this Strain, a Neighbour of her's, who accidentally came to see her, hearing her Voice louder than usual, (tho' she never spoke in a very low Key) came up to us, to know what was the matter. I took hold of her the moment she entered the Room, and as soon as I could have an Opportunity (for the Landlady would hardly give me leave to speak) I told her my Case. The poor Woman, tho' she worked for her Bread, was so touch-

ed with what she heard, and with my Brother's pale languid Look, that she pulled out Six-pence, and gave it me ; this enabled me to support him two Days, for his Stomach was too weak to take any thing but Biscuits. As to myself, I swallowed nothing but dry Bread and Water, for I would not rob him of a Fathing more than just served to keep me alive. The Mistress of the House, as soon as this our Benefactress was gone, began again in her old Strain, and said, " she must send for the proper Officers of the Parish to which we belonged, and charge them with us, for she could not venture to bring any Expence on herself." I begged her, for God's sake, not to turn us out in that Condition : and at last prevailed so far on her *Good-nature*, that she consented we should stay in her House, provided we would go up into the Garret, and be contented with one Room ; " for truly she could not spare more to such *Creatures* ; " and if we could not in a Week find some Method of paying her, she was resolved no longer to be imposed on ; because we had found out she could not help " *being compassionate*," with many Hints, how happy we were to meet with her : For there were very few People in this hard-hearted World, could arrive at such a *Pitch of Goodness*. To these Terms we were forced to submit, and get up Stairs into that Hole, which you found us in. She did not fail coming up once a Day, to inform us how much she wanted her Money, altho' she knew it was impossible for us to pay her.

THE poor Woman who had relieved us last, spared us one Six-pence more ; but she happened to get a Service, and go into the Country, so that now all our Hopes were lost. I have really several times, during this dreadful Week, wished *Valentine* dead, that I might not see him thus languish away in Misery, before my face. I sat up with him the whole time. I will not shock a Nature so tender as your's, Sir, with the Repetition of what Horrors passed in my Mind, between my then present Sufferings, and the Expectation of seeing my dear Brother, in his miserable Condition, soon turned into the Street. The time was just expired, and she was come up with a Resolution of turning us out of Doors, when the Noise she made brought you up to see,  
and



and relieve our Misery. What little things there were in that dismal Room when first we went up, she by degrees took away, under the pretence of wanting them for some Use or other, till she left us nothing at all; and a poor Creature ill, as *Valentine* was, could not get even the coarsest Clothes to cover him. I had managed the little that good Woman spared me, from her own Labour, in such a manner, he had been but one Day totally without any Sustenance; but, for my part, I had for two Days tasted nothing but cold Water: And we must both have perished in that deplorable Misery, had not you opportunely come to save us, and restore us to Life and Plenty.

*CAMILLA* ceased speaking, and *David* after looking at her with Amazement, was going to make some Observations on the various Scenes of Wretchedness she had gone through, when *Valentine* entering the Room, made them turn the Conversation on more indifferent Subjects, they passed the Evening very agreeably together. And with *Camilla's* Story, till she met with *David*, I shall conclude this Chapter.

## C H A P. III.

*A short Chapter, but which contains surprizing Matter.*

THE next Conversation *David* had with *Camilla*, after some Observations on her own Story, he was naturally led into a Discourse on *Cynthia*. The moment *Camilla* heard her Name, (from a Suspicion that she was her former Companion) she shewed the utmost Eagerness in her Inquiries concerning her, which opened *David's* Eyes; and he immediately fancied, she was the Person whom *Cynthia* had mentioned in so advantageous a Light. This, considering what he then felt for *Camilla*, gave him a Pleasure much easier felt than described; and which can only be imagined by those People, who know what it is to have a Passion, and yet cannot be easy unless the Object of it deserves their Esteem.

*DAVID* was too much concerned, while *Camilla* was telling her own Story, with the Part she herself bore in



it, to observe what she said of any other Person, and over-looked the Circumstance of her Friend's going abroad with a Lady of Fashion, who had taken a fancy to her: But now they were both soon convinced, that she was the very Person whom *Camilla* had been so fond of.

*DAVID* therefore related to her *Cynthia's* Story; the Distresses of which, moved *Camilla* in such a manner, she could not refrain from weeping. *David* was melted into Tenderness at the sight of her Tears; and yet, inwardly, rejoiced at the Thoughts of her being capable of shedding them on so just an Occasion. He then said, he thought it would be proper to acquaint *Valentine* with the Hopes she had of seeing her Friend again. *Camilla*, with a Sigh, replied, she never concealed any thing from her Brother, which gave her Pleasure. This Sigh, he thought, arose from reflecting on *Cynthia's* Misfortunes; but in reality something that more nearly concerned her, was at the bottom of it. For she remembered enough of *Valentine's* Behaviour to *Cynthia* before she went abroad, to be well assured he could not hear of any Probability of seeing her again, without great Perturbation of Mind: However, the next time they met, she by degrees opened to him, what *David* had told her. But the Paleness of his Countenance, and the Anxiety which appeared in his Looks, while she was speaking, cannot be expressed. *David*, who, from his own Goodness of Heart, required the strongest proofs to convince him of any Ill in another, from the same Goodness easily perceived all the Emotions which arise in the Mind from Tenderness; and consequently was not long in suspense at *Valentine's* extraordinary Behaviour on this Occasion.

*CAMILLA* had acted with great Honour; for altho' she had told *David*, as her Benefactor and Friend, the whole History of her own Life, she had said no more of her Brother than what was necessary; thinking she had no Right, on any account, to discover his Secrets, unless by his Permission.

*VALENTINE*, after several Changes of Countenance, and being in such a Situation he could not utter his Words, at last recovered himself enough to beg *David* to tell him all he knew of *Cynthia*, which he generously complied

complied with, even so far as to inform him of her Adventure with my Lord ———, and her Refusal of himself; but as I think it equally as unnecessary as it is difficult to attempt any Description of what *Valentine* felt during *David's* Narration, I shall leave that to my Reader's own Imagination.

THE Result of this Conversation, was *Valentine's* earnest Request to his Sister immediately to write to *Cynthia*: She knew where *Cynthia's* Cousin lived, and as she was perfectly a Stranger to the refusing her Brother any thing he desired, it was no sooner asked than complied with; but when *David*, *Valentine*, and *Camilla* separated that Night to go to bed, various were their Reflections, various were their Situations. *Camilla's* Mind was on the Rack, at the Consideration, that *David* had offered himself to *Cynthia*; he was pleasing himself with the Thoughts of the other's refusing him, since he was now acquainted with *Camilla*; and *Valentine* spent the whole Night in being tossed about between Hopes and Fears. *Cynthia's* Refusal of my Lord ———, and *David*, sometimes gave him the utmost Pleasure, in flattering his Hopes that he might be the Cause of it; but the higher his Joy was raised on this account, the greater was his Torment, when he feared some Man she had met with, since he saw her, might possess her Heart. In short, the great Earnestness with which he wished to be remembered by her, made him but the more diffident in believing he was so; and his Pains and Pleasures were increased or lessened every moment by his own Imagination, as much as Objects are to the natural Eye, by alternately looking through a magnifying Glass, and the other End of the Perspective. But here I must leave him to his own Reflections, to look after the Object of them, and see what became of *Cynthia* since her leaving *David*.

ON her Arrival in the Country, where she proposed to herself the enjoying a Pleasure in seeing her old Acquaintance, and a little to recruit her sunk Spirits, after all the Uneasiness she had suffered; the first News she heard, was, that her Cousin had been buried a Week, having lost her Mother half a Year before. However, she went to the House where she had lived. Here she

was informed, that the young Woman had left all the little she was worth, amounting to the Sum of thirty Pounds a Year, to a Cousin of hers, who was gone abroad with a Woman of Fashion. *Cynthia* soon found by the Circumstances, that this Cousin was herself. This, instead of lessening, increased her Affliction for her Death ; for the Consideration, that neither Time nor Absence could drive from the poor young Creature's Memory, the small Kindnesses she had received from her formerly, made the good-natured *Cynthia* but the more sensible of her Loss.

SHE could bear the House no longer than was just necessary to settle her Affairs, and then took a Place in the Stage-Coach, with a Resolution of returning to *London* ; being, like People in a burning Fever, who, from finding themselves continually uneasy, are in hopes by every Change of Place to find Relief.

#### C H A P. IV.

*Which treats of some remarkable Discourse that passed between Passengers in a Stage-Coach.*

THREE Gentlemen were her Fellow-Travellers : it was dark when they set out, and the various Thoughts in *Cynthia's* Mind prevented her entering into any Conversation, or even so much as hearing what her Companions said ; till at the Dawn of Day a grave Gentleman, who sat opposite to her, broke forth in so fine an Exclamation on the Beauties of the Creation, and made such Observations on seeing the rising Sun, as awakened all her Attention, and gave her hopes of meeting with both Improvement and Pleasure in her Journey. The two other Gentlemen employed themselves, the one in groaning out a Disapprobation, and the other in yawning, from a Weariness at every Word the third spoke. At last he who yawned, from a Desire of putting an End to what he undoubtedly thought the dullest *Stuff* he ever heard, turned about to *Cynthia*, and swearing he never studied any other Beauties of Nature, but those possessed by the *Fair Sex*, offered to take her by the Hand ; but she knew enough of the World to repulse  
such



such Impertinence, without any great Difficulty ; and, by her Behaviour, made *that* Spark very civil to her, the remainder of the Time she was obliged to be with him.

THE very Looks and Dresses of the three Men were sufficient to let her into their different Characters : The grave Man, whose Discourse she had been so pleased with, was dressed in the plainest, tho' in the neatest manner ; and, by the chearfulness of his Countenance, plainly showed a Mind filled with Tranquillity and Pleasure. The Gentleman who sat next him was as dirty as if he had sat up two or three Nights together in the same Clothes he then had on ; one Side of his Face was beat black and blue, by Falls he had had in his Drink, and Skirmishes he had met with by rambling about. In short, every thing without was an Indication of the Confusion within, and he was a perfect Object of Horror. The Spark who admired nothing but *the Ladies*, had his Hair pinned up in blue Papers, a laced Waistcoat, and every thing which is necessary to shew an Attention to adorn the Person, and yet at the same time with an Appearance of Carelessness.

THE first Stage they alighted at to breakfast, the two last-mentioned Gentlemen made it their Business to find out who the third was : and, as he was very well known in that Country, having lived there some Years, they soon discovered he was a Clergyman. For the future, therefore, I shall distinguish these three Persons by the Names of the *Clergyman*, the *Atheist*, and the *Butterfly* ; for, as the latter had neither Profession nor Characteristick, I know not what other Name to give him.

As soon as they got into the Coach again, the Atheist having recruited his Spirits with his usual *Morning-Draught*, accosted the Clergyman in the following abrupt and rude Manner : Come on, Mr. Parson, now I am for you ; I was not able to speak this Morning, when you fancied you was going on with all *that Eloquence*, to prove there must be an infinite Wisdom concerned in this Creation. As he spoke these Words, there happened to be so violent a jolt of the Coach, they could hardly keep their Seats. Ay ! there, continued he, with a sort of Triumph in his Countenance, an Ac-



cident has proved to my Hand, that Chance is the Cause of every thing, otherwise I would fain know how the Roads should become so very rugged, that one cannot go from one Place to another, without being almost *dislocated*. (Indeed, to have judged by his Looks, any one would have thought the least Motion would have shook him to pieces) For my part, said he, considering the numberless Evils there are in the World, it is amazing to me how any one can have the Assurance to talk of a Deity; especially when I consider thole very Men, who thus want to persuade us out of our *Senses*, at the same time take our *Money*, and are paid for talking in that manner. I am sure now, whilst I am speaking, I feel such Pains in my Head, and such Disorders all over me, as are a sufficient Proof that there was no *Wisdom* concerned in the forming us. It is true indeed, that I have *sat up whole Nights*, and *drank very hard lately*: But if a good Being, who really loved his Creatures, had been the Cause of our coming into this World, undoubtedly we should have been made in such a manner, that we should neither have had Temptations, nor Power to injure ourselves. The whole thing appears to me absurd: for notwithstanding all our boasting of superior Reason to the rest of the Creation, in my Opinion *we are such low groveling Creatures*, that I can easily conceive we were made by Chance. It is certainly the *Clergy's Interest* to endeavour to govern us, but I am resolved I will never be *priest-rid*, whatever other Folly I give into. In this Style he went on a great while, and when he thought it time to conclude, that is, when the *Spirit of the Liquor he had drank was evaporated*, he stared the Clergyman full in the Face, with a Resolution, as he saw he was a modest Man, that if he could not get the better of him by his Arguments, he would put him out of Countenance by his Impudence.

THE Butterfly, who had been silent, and hearkened with the utmost Attention while the other was speaking, now began to open his Mouth; he was full as irreligious as the Atheist, altho' the Cause of it was very different: for as the latter, from a natural Propensity to Vice, and a Resolution to suffer all the Consequences of it, rather than deny himself any thing he liked, drove  
all

all serious Thoughts as much as possible from his Mind, and endeavoured to make use of all the *Fallacies* he could think on, to impose on his *own Understanding*; so the former, who was naturally disposed to lead a regular Life, and whose Inclinations prompted him to nothing, which he might not have been allowed in any Religion whatever, put on all the Appearance of Vicioulness he could, because he was silly enough to imagine it *proved his Sense*. And as he could not think deep enough to consult on which side Truth lay, he never considered farther than what would give him the best Opportunity of *displaying his Wit*. He openly professed himself a great *Lover of Ridicule*, and thought no Subject so fit to exercise it on as Religion and the Clergy: He therefore, as soon as the other had done speaking, ran thro' all the trite things which have been ever said on that Head; such as the *pride* of Priests, their being greedy after their Tythes, &c.—This he spoke with an Air, which at once proved his Folly, and the strong Opinion he had of his own Wisdom.

THE Clergyman heard all the Atheist's *Arguments*, and the Butterfly's *Jests*, without once offering to interrupt them; and, had they talked such Nonsense on any other Subject, he would not have taken the pains to answer them; but he thought the Duty of his Profession in this case called upon him to endeavour, at least, to convince them of their Error. His good Sense easily saw, that to go too deep would be only talking what they did not understand, and consequently throwing away his own Labour; he therefore kept on the Surface of Things, and to the Atheist only proved, that the *Unevenness of the Roads*, or a Man's having the *Head-ach* after a *Debauch*, (which were the two Points he had insisted on) were no Arguments against the Existence of a Deity; and then had Good-Nature enough to try to bring him off from the Course of Life he saw he was in, by shewing him how easy it would be for him to attain Health and Ease, if he would only do what was in his own Power, *i. e.* lead a regular Life, for the sake of enjoying those Benefits: and that then he would find as much Cause to be thankful to the Author of his Being, as he now fancied he had to complain of him.

To

To the Butterfly, (whose Disposition was not hard, for a Man who knew the World, to find out) he did nothing more than shew him how very little Wit there was in a repetition of what had been said a hundred times before ; and for his Encouragement, to alter his way of *thinking*, (or rather of talking) assured him, that he might learn much more real Wit, on the other side of the Question, and repeat it with less danger of having the *Theft found out*.

EVERY Word this Gentleman spoke, and his manner of speaking, convinced *Cynthia* he was not endeavouring to shew his own Parts, but acting from the true Christian Principle of desiring to do good. She was perfectly silent the whole time he was speaking ; but, when he had concluded, could not forbear raillyng the Butterfly, on his strong Desire of having *Wit* ; and told him, he knew several Subjects he could talk on, so much better than Religion, that she would advise him to leave that entirely off, and take up with those he was much fitter for, such as *Gallantry—Gamin.—Dressing, &c.*—This drew a loud Laughter from both the Atheist and Butterfly. The latter replied, Ay ! Ay ! I warrant you, I never knew an Instance where the Parsons did not get the *Women on their side* ; with several coarse Jestts not worth repeating. And now they had nothing to do, but to roar and make a Noise, resolving, if they could not confute their Adversaries, to persecute them, by putting their Ears on the Rack, in hopes, by that means, for the sake of Quietness, to extort a Confession from them, of whatever they pleased. In this Confusion of Noise and Nonsense, *Cynthia* and the Clergyman were obliged to continue, till they arrived at the Inn in the Evening, when, on pretence of being weary and indisposed, they left their Fellow-Travellers, and retired to their separate Rooms.

THE Atheist had been forming a Scheme in his Mind, from the time he first saw *Cynthia*, in what manner he should address her ; for, as he had persuaded himself there was no such thing as any one Virtue in the World, he was under no Apprehension of being disappointed in his hopes. *Cynthia's* Contempt of the Butterfly was a convincing Proof to him of her Understanding, and consequently encouraged him to believe, that she must  
be



be *pleased with himself*. The only difficulty that he feared he should meet with, was the finding an Opportunity of speaking to her alone : but while he was perplexing his Brains how he should accomplish his Designs, Accident threw that in his way, which he knew not how to bring about for himself.

IT was a fine Moon-light Night ; and, as the various things labouring in *Cynthia's* Mind inclined her to be penfive and melancholy, when she fancied the two Gentleman were safe at their Bottle for that Evening, she went down a pair of Back-Stairs into a little Garden belonging to the House, in which was an Arbour. Here she sat down, wandering in her own Fancy through all the past Scenes of her Life. The Usage she had met with from almost all her Acquaintance ; and their *different Behaviour*, according to her *different Circumstances*, gave her but an uneasy Sensation : but by giving way to the Bent of her Mind, at length all unpleasing Thoughts were exhausted, and her Imagination began to indulge her with more agreeable Ideas. But, as it had been impossible for her to enjoy one moment's Pleasure, no sooner had her Thoughts taken this turn, than she saw the Atheist, who softly, and unperceived by her, (so fixed was she in her own Contemplations) was come near enough to sit down by her. He had drank his Companion to sleep ; and, as it was not his usual time of going to bed, (which he seldom did till four or five in the Morning) accidentally roved into the Garden. *Cynthia* at first was startled, but endeavoured as much as possible to conceal her Fear, thinking that the Appearance of Courage and Resolution, was the best means she could make use of in her present Situation.

HE began at first with talking to her of indifferent things, but soon fell on the Subject of his own Happiness, in thus meeting with her alone. She immediately rose up, and would have left him ; but he swore she should hear him out, and promised her, if she would but attend with Patience to what he had to say, she should be at Liberty to do as she pleased. He then began to compliment her on her *Understanding*, insisted that it was impossible for a *Woman of her Sense* to be tied down by the common *Forms of Custom* which were only complied with  
by



by Fools; then ran through all the Arguments he could think of, to prove that Pleasure is Pleasure, and that it is better to be pleased than displeased. Talked of *Epicurus's* saying, Pleasure is the chief Good, from which he very wisely concluded, that *Vice is the greatest Pleasure*. In short, his Head naturally not being very clear, and being always confused with Liquor when it came to be Night, he made such a medley between Pleasure and Pain, Virtue and Vice, that it was impossible to distinguish what he had a mind to prove.

*CYNTHIA* could not help smiling, to see a Man endeavouring to persuade her, that she might follow her Inclinations without a Crime, while she knew that nothing could so much oppose her *gratifying* him, as her *pleasing herself*. However, she thought it her wisest way to be civil to him; for altho' she was not far from the House, yet nothing could have shocked her more, than to have been obliged to make a noise. She therefore told him, she did not doubt but what he had said might be very reasonable, but she had not Time now to consider of it, being very ill, and therefore begged she might go in for that Night, and she would talk more to him the next Day. The Atheist was so much pleased to think she gave any Attention to what he said, that for fear of disobliging her, he left her at liberty to retire; which she did with the utmost Joy.

#### C H A P. V.

*In which is plainly proved, that it is possible for a Woman to be so strongly fix'd in her Affection for one Man, as to take no pleasure in bearing Love from any other.*

**T**HE next Morning, *Cynthia* and the Clergyman, who had neither of them any Fumes arising from *Intemperance* to sleep off, got into the Coach with Chearfulness and Good-humour; they had all the Conversation to themselves the first Stage, for the Atheist and *Butterfly* both slept all the way till they came to breakfast. There, with *Hands shaking* in such a manner, that it was with difficulty they could carry the Liquor to their Mouths, they at last contrived to revive their *drooping Spirits*,

*Spirits*, and began to be as *noisy* as ever. The *Atheist* looked at *Cynthia* with an assured Air, as if he did not doubt of Success, till he often put her out of Countenance. But the *Butterfly* paid her the greatest Respect imaginable; being convinced, that as she would not suffer any Familiarity *from him*, she must be one of the most virtuous Women ever born. The *Clergyman* was so tired with their Impertinence, he certainly would have got out of the Coach, and walked a foot, had it not been for his Consideration for *Cynthia*; for she had no Relief but in his Conversation.

IN this manner they went on, till they came to the Place where they were to dine, when the Postilion giddily taking too little Compass, overturned the Coach; and as it was on a Flat, they were all in great Danger of being killed, or breaking their Limbs. However, they were all taken out safe, except the *Atheist*, who had stupefied his Senses in such a manner by the Breakfast he *chose to drink*, that he had no Command of his Limbs, and broke his Leg under him in the Fall.

CYNTHIA was terribly frightened, and begged the *Clergyman* to be so good as to contrive some Method of having the poor Wretch taken care of, and the Bone set again. Her Caution was perfectly unnecessary; for from the Moment the good Man saw the Accident, he was considering which would be the best Method of taking care of him. He presently enquired for the best Surgeon in the Town; and luckily there was one lived the very next door, who was both a Surgeon and an Apothecary. To his House therefore he had him carried; he went with him and staid with him while the Operation was performing; during which time, he alternately prayed and cursed, which struck the *Clergyman* with the utmost Horror. However, he carried his Christianity and Compassion so far, as to inquire, whether he had any Money in his Pocket to defray his Expences, while he was confined there; and on being answered in the Negative, offered to leave him what was necessary. But on the Apothecary's assuring him, that he knew him very well, and would take the utmost care of him, he returned to *Cynthia*, who rejoiced to hear the poor Creature was in such good Hands.

THE

THE *Butterfly*, whose Journey was at an End, he being to go no farther, took his Leave of them, humming the end of an *Italian* Song, without once enquiring what was become of the poor Man, with whose Sentiments he had so heartily concurred the whole Way.

THEY were now about sixteen Miles from *London*. The *Clergyman* had wished from the first Morning for an Opportunity of being alone with *Cynthia*: but the Hurries which attend travelling in a Stage Coach, with his own Inexperience in all Affairs of Gallantry, and his great Fear of offending, had prevented his gratifying that Wish. And now that Accident had thrown what he desired in his Way, his great Modesty, Distrust of himself, and his Esteem for *Cynthia*, rendered him almost incapable of speaking to her; he went on two or three Miles in the greatest Fright imaginable, for every Step the Horses took, he condemned himself for losing his Time, and yet could not bring himself to make use of it. At last, he fell into a Discourse on Love; all his Sentiments were so delicate, and the Thoughts he expressed so refined, that *Cynthia* not only agreed with him, but could not forbear shewing by her Smiles, and Good humour, that she was greatly pleased to meet with a Person who had so much her own Way of thinking. This encouraged the Gentleman to speak, and from talking of Love in general, he began to be more particular: He begged Pardon for being so abrupt; for which he alledged as an Excuse, the short Time he had before he should lose Sight of her for ever, unless she would be so good to inform him where she lived.

CYNTHIA was greatly surprized at this Declaration, which she neither expected, or wished; the *Clergyman's* Behaviour for the short time she had in a manner lived with him, had given her great Reason to esteem him, and his Conversation would have been a great Pleasure to her on any Terms, but that of being her Lover; but her Heart was already so fixed, that she resolved never to suffer any other Man to make Love to her; and she would on no Account have endeavoured to increase the Affection of a Man of Merit, with a View of making him uneasy. She therefore very seriously told him,

him, “ that she was infinitely obliged to him for the  
 “ Affection he had expressed for her ; but, that as in  
 “ her Circumstances it was utterly impossible she could  
 “ ever return it ; she must be excused from letting him  
 “ know where she lived, as the conversing with her,  
 “ if he had really an Inclination for her, would only  
 “ make him unhappy.” She spoke this with such an  
 Air of Sincerity, that the *Clergyman*, who had no De-  
 ceit in himself, nor was apt to suspect others of it,  
 resolved to believe her, and whatever he suffered, not  
 to say any thing which might give her Pain ; and from  
 that Moment was silent on that Head : They soon ar-  
 rived in Town, where they parted.

*CYNTHIA* took a Lodging, for she knew not at  
 present what to do with herself. The *Clergyman*’s having  
 put things on such a footing that she could not converse  
 with him, made her very uneasy ; for she was in hopes  
 before he spoke to her of Love, that he would have  
 been a great Comfort to her, when she came to Town.  
 She almost made a Resolution never to speak to any Man  
 again, beginning to think it impossible for a Man to be  
 civil to a Woman, unless he has some Design upon her.  
 But now having brought *Cynthia* to Town, I think it  
 Time to take Leave of her for the present, and look af-  
 ter my Hero.

## C H A P. VI.

*Containing an Account of several extraordinary Trans-  
 actions.*

THE Morning after *David* had informed *Valentine*  
 and his Sister, of what he knew concerning *Cyn-  
 thia*, he perceived a Melancholy in them both ; which,  
 although he imputed *Camilla*’s Thoughtfulness to her  
 Love for her Brother, and was not ignorant whence his  
 Concern arose, sat so heavy on his Mind, as gave him  
 great Uneasiness : for he felt all the Pains of his Friends  
 to a much greater Degree than he did his own. He  
 therefore did all he could to comfort *Valentine*, told  
 him, he did not doubt but *Cynthia* would immediately  
 answer



answer *Camilla's* Letter, with some Hints, that he himself might be the Cause of her refusing all Offers; and assured him, if his Fortune could any way conduce to his Happiness, whatever share of it was necessary for him, should be intirely at his Service.

*VALENTINE* was struck dumb with this Generosity. Tenderness and Gratitude for such uncommon Benevolence, was to be answered no other way, but by flowing Tears. *David* saw his Confusion, and begged him not to fancy he was under any Obligation to him, for that he should think his Life and Fortune well spent in the Service of a Man, whom both Nature and Goodness had so nearly allied to *Camilla*. *Valentine* at last with much Difficulty found a vent for his Words, and swore no Passion of his should ever make him a greater Burden than he already was to such a Friend. *Camilla*, between the Concern for her Brother, and the Pleasure *David's* Words gave her, was quite overcome. But as Tenderness, when it is come to the height, is not to be described, I shall pass over the rest of this Scene in Silence.

*VALENTINE's* Impatience increased every Day to hear from *Cynthia*; a Week passed over, and no News of her: At last, one Day as *David* was walking through *Westminster*, he heard a Voice which called him by his Name; and when he looked up, he saw *Cynthia* looking out at an Upper-window; he immediately ran into the House, and great were his Raptures at the Thoughts of the Pleasure he should carry home to his Friends. When he was seated, he began to tell *Cynthia*, that he had met with *Camilla* and *Valentine*: He had no sooner mentioned their Names, than she asked him a thousand Questions concerning them; which quite puzzled him, and he knew not what to answer. This Confusion she imputed to his having heard the Story of their running away together, in an infamous manner, which she had been told at her first Arrival in Town with my Lady—, but had never spoke of it to *David*, as she was unwilling to spread the Report. At last she cried out: “Sir, I beg, if you have any Compassion for me, tell me what you know of my *Camilla*” (*she spoke not a Word of Valentine*;) for there is nothing

“ thing I so much long to know, as whether she is innocent of what she is accused of: for if she is, how hard is her Fate, and what must she have suffered by lying under such an Imputation !”

DAVID desired her to have a little Patience, and he would tell her all: He had not time then to repeat all *Camilla's* Story, but said enough to clear her Innocence. *Cynthia* knew so much of the World, she easily observed by his manner of talking of her, that he was in love with her. This gave her the greatest Pleasure she could have received, as it was the strongest Proof he could not think her guilty. And when she was farther informed in what manner they lived together, and *David* (who was always contriving Methods to give pleasure) invited her to go home with him, and told her there was room for her in the same House; it is impossible to describe her Raptures: She immediately paid her Lodgings, put her things into a Hackney-Coach, and then they sat out together, to find all which either of them valued in this World.

VALENTINE's Joy was greater than he could bear, and almost overcame his Senses. The Extacy thus suddenly viewing *Cynthia* before him, threw him into, almost made him forget the Respect he had always paid her; and it was as much as he could do to forbear flying and catching her in his Arms. *Camilla*, although she could no ways blame *Cynthia* for her Behaviour, and really loved her with a sincere Affection; yet such is human Frailty, that the first Sight of her struck her with the Idea of *David's* having liked her; and this Thought, in spite of herself, was a great damp to the Pleasure of meeting with her Friend. But *Cynthia's* Thoughts were so much employed, she did not perceive it; she ran and embraced, and expressed the utmost Joy to see her. This she really felt without that Alloy, which the least Mixture of Rivalship or Jealousy gives to Friendship in either Sex. While they were together, she addressed most of her Conversation to *Camilla*; but her Eyes spontaneously rolled towards *Valentine*: for tho' she often endeavoured to remove them, they instantly return'd to the Object which principally attracted them.

THAT

THAT Evening, and all the ensuing Day, they spent in informing each other of every Accident which had befallen them since their Separation ; and on the Day following, *Cynthia* propos'd at Breakfast the taking a Coach, and riding thro' all the Parts of this great Metropolis, to view the various Countenances of the different sorts of People who inhabit it. *David* said nothing could be more agreeable to him, if *Camilla* approv'd of it : for, as he had travelled through it in a more attentive manner, than what was propos'd at present, he should be the better Judge of People's Thoughts by their Manners and Faces. *Valentine* had no Objection to any thing propos'd by *Cynthia*, on which they call'd a Coach ; and this agreeable Party, and such another I believe is not easily to be found, got into it.

THEY had no occasion to make the Coach heavy, by loading it with Provisions, there being many hospitable Houses by the way open for their Entertainment ; tho' I did once see a Coach, which set out from the Tower, stop in the middle of *St. James's-street*, and the Company that were in it take a small *Repast* of Ham and cold Chicken ; but that perhaps was owing to a *Weakness* in some of the Stomachs of the Passengers, which disabled them from *fasting above an Hour at a time*.

As *David* and his Company pass'd through the polite Parts of the Town early in the Morning, they saw but few People worthy their Observation ; all there was hush'd and still, as at the dead of the Night ; but, when they came to the more trading Part of the Town, the Hurry was equal to the Stillness they had before observed.

As they drove through *Covent Garden*, they saw a Company of Men reeling along, as if they in a manner had lost the use of their Legs ; each of them had something, in his Right hand, which he had picked up in the Market, some had Flowers, others Cabbages, and some chose for *Nosegays*, a Bunch of Onions or Garlick ; but all their Hands shook, as if it was with difficulty they could hold any thing in them. As soon as they saw the Coach, they ran, or rather tumbled up to it, with the utmost Speed their Condition would admit them, and



and *stammered* out a Desire, that the Ladies would accept of *their Garlands*.

POOR *Camilla* was frightened ; but *Cynthia*, who had seen more of the World, and perceived they were Gentlemen, (tho' they had, as *Shakespear* says, " put that " into their Mouths, which had stolen away their " Brains") took a Bunch of Flowers from a very young Fellow who was foremost, and thanked him for her *Garland* ; after which they all staggered away again, huzzaing her for her Good-humour.

DAVID called to a Man who was passing by, and asked him, if he knew any of those Gentlemen, for that he thought it pity somebody should not take care of them home, for fear they should come to any Mischiefe. Alack ! Sir !——replied the Man, there is no danger of them, drunken Men and Children——you know the Proverb. I have kept a Shop in that Street these twenty Years : and it is very few Mornings, unless it be very bitter cold Weather, but that a parcel of them pass by : That *young Gentlemen* who went first. I am told, would make a very fine Gentleman, if he did not drink so hard,——and I had it from very good Hands, for I am acquainted with his *Mother's Chambermaid*, and she *must know* to be sure. And then that *Hatchet-face Man* who came next, I think he had better take care of his Wife and Children, than run about spending his Money in such a manner ; he owes me a Bill of one Pound three Shillings and two pence : But no wonder he can't pay his Debts, while he leads such a Sort of Life. That short Man who walks by his Side, to my certain Knowledge was arrested last Week ; and I was told, if some of his rakish Companions had not bailed him, he would have found it a difficult matter to have got out of the Bailiff's hands ; for *faith and troth*, Master, if once they lay hold of any one, it is not an easy matter to get from them again. He is but poor ; I don't believe he is much richer than one of *us*, that do keep Shops to get our Livelihood : and yet, they say, his elder Brother rides in his *Coach and Six*. I think he might relieve him, when he is in Distress ; indeed it is *nothing* to me, and I never *trouble my Head* about other *Folks Business*. There is a Man lives in that House yonder ; he pretends



pretends to set up for a Gentleman, and yet I don't hear he has any Estate; forsooth he must have Servants, though he can't tell where to get Money to pay them; but they serve him as he deserves, they won't over-work themselves, I warrant them. But it is time for me to go home, for I have enough to do; besides, *I hate gossiping, and never talk of my Neighbours.* He spoke all this so fast, he would not give himself time to breathe, and kept his Hand on the Coach-Door the whole time, as if he was afraid it would drive away from him. When he ceased speaking, *Cynthia* applauded him for *minding his own Business*, and not *troubling himself* about other People; on which, he was going to begin again, but *Valentine* bid the Coachman drive on, and so left him.

THEY went on some time musing without speaking one Word, till at last *Cynthia* said, she should be glad to know what they were all so thoughtful about, and fancied it would be no ill Entertainment, if every one of them were to tell their Thoughts to the rest of the Company. They all liked the Proposal, and desired *Cynthia* to begin first.

SHE said, she was considering, amongst the variety of Shops she saw, how very few of them dealt in Things which were really necessary to preserve Life or Health; and yet that those things which appeared most useless, contributed to the general Welfare: for whilst there was such a thing as Property in the World, unless it could be equally distributed, those People who have little or no share of it, must find out Methods of getting what they want, from those whose Lot it is to have more than is necessary for them; and, except all the World was so generous, as to be willing to part with what they think they have a right to, only for the pleasure of helping others; the way to obtain any thing from them is to apply to their Passions. As, for instance, when a Woman of Fashion goes home with her Coach loaded with Jewels and Trinkets, which, from Custom, she is brought to think she cannot do without, and is indulging her Vanity with the Thoughts of *out-shining* some other Lady at the next Ball, the Tradesman who receives her Money in Exchange for those things which appear

appear so trifling, to that Vanity perhaps owes his own and his Family's Support. Here *Cynthia* ceased, and called on *Camilla* to tell what it was her Mind was so earnestly fixed on.

SHE said she did not know whether she ought not to be ashamed to own her present Reflections, for she was not sure they did not arise from Ill-nature : for she was thinking, in all that number of Houses they passed, how many miserable Creatures there were tearing one another to-pieces, from Envy and Folly ; how many *Mothers-in-Law*, working underhand with their Husbands, to make them *turn their Children out of Doors* to *Beggary* and *Misery* : She could not but own the pleasing Sensations she felt, for being *delivered herself* from those Misfortunes, more than over-balanced her Sorrow for her Fellow-Creatures ; and she desired *David* to tell her his Sentiments, whether this was not in some measure triumphing over them. I should have trembled in some Companies at such a Question, for fear the Eagerness to decide it should prevent the hearing any one Person's speaking at a Time for half an Hour together, but here it was otherwise ; and *David*, after a little Consideration, replied,

NOTHING can be more worthy of Admiration, than to observe a young Woman thus fearful of giving way to any frailty ; but what you now express, I believe has been felt by every Mortal. To rejoice indeed at the Sufferings of any Individual, would be a Sign of great Malignity ; or to see another in Misery, and be insensible of it, would be a Proof of the want of that Tenderness I so much admire : but to comfort ourselves in any Affliction, by the Consideration that it is only the common Fate of Men, and that we are not marked out as the peculiar Objects of our Creator's Displeasure, is certainly very reasonable. This is what *Shakespear* calls, " bearing our own Misfortunes on the Back of such, as " have before endured the like." On the other hand, to rejoice with Thankfulness, when we escape any Misery, which generally attends our Species, with a Mixture of Compassion for their Sufferings, is rather laudable than blameable. *Camilla* was happy to find *David* did

did not condemn her Thoughts, and then desired him to tell what his were.

I WAS musing, said he, on the Scene we saw, and what that Man told us in *Covent Garden*, with the Oddness of his Character; he seemed to take such a Pleasure in telling us the Faults of his Neighbours, and yet looked with such a good-humoured Countenance, as if railing would be the last thing he could delight in. *Cynthia* replied, it was very likely he was a good Man, but that there is in some Natures a prodigious Love of talking; and, from a want of any Ideas of their own, they are obliged to fall on the Actions of their Neighbours; and as, it is to be feared, they often find more Ill than Good in their Acquaintance, that Love of talking naturally leads them into Scandal. She then turned to *Valentine*, and desired to know what had taken up his Thoughts in such a manner as to make him so silent. *Valentine* answered, he was revolving in his Thoughts the miserable Situation the Man was in, who was in Love with a Woman, whom his Circumstances in Life debarred him from all Hopes of its ever being reasonable for him to acquaint with his Passion. While he spoke this, he fixed his Eyes stedfastly on *Cynthia*; she observing it, blushed, and made him no Answer.

WHILE they were discoursing in this manner, *David* observed a Woman behind a Counter in a little Shop, sobbing and crying as if her Heart would break: he had a Curiosity to know what was the matter with her, and proposed going in, under the pretence of buying something in the Shop, and by that means inquiring into the Cause of all this terrible Grief. The Woman did not seem at all shy of talking to them of her Misfortunes; but said, her Husband was the *most barbarous Man* in the World. They all began to pity her, and asked if he had beat or abused her. No, no, she said, *much worse* than that; she could sooner have forgiven *some Blows*, than the *Cruelty* he had been guilty of towards her. At last with the Interruption of many Tears, it came out, that all this complaining was for nothing more, than that her Husband having received a Sum of Money, had chose to *pay his Debts* with it, instead



stead of buying her and her Daughter some new Clothes. And sure, said she, there is Neighbour such-a one (pointing to a very handsome young Woman, who sat in a Shop opposite to her) can have every thing new, as often as she pleases; and I am sure her Husband is more in debt than mine. I think a Man ought to take care of his own *Wife and Children*, before he pays his Money to *Strangers*. *Cynthia* could not forbear bursting into a loud Laughter, when she heard the Cause of this Tragedy. The Woman seeing that, fancied she made Sport of her; and turned her melancholy Tone into a scolding one. She was not very young, and the Wrinkles in her Face were filled with drops of Water which had fallen from her Eyes; which, with the Yellowness of her Complexion, made a Figure not unlike a Field in the Decline of the Year, when Harvest is gathered in, and a smart Shower of Rain has filled the Furrows with Water. Her Voice was so shrill, that they all jumped into the Coach as fast as they could, and drove from the Door.

*CYNTHIA* and *Valentine* talked of this Accident in a ridiculous Light; but *David*, in his usual way, was for enquiring into the Cause of this Woman's Passion; and wondered how it was possible, for such Trifles to discompose any one in such a Manner. *Camilla* had lately, I don't pretend to say from *what Motive*, been very apt to enter into *David's* way of Conversation, and looked very grave.

*CYNTHIA* said, she was at no loss to find out the Reason of the Scene, they had just now been Witnesses of; for she knew the common Cause of most Evils, *i. e.* Envy was at the bottom of it. The old Woman would have been contented with her old Clothes, had not her handsome Neighbour had new ones; for she, no doubt, had observed this young Woman was taken most notice of, and from a strong Resolution not to impute it to her own Age, or any Defect in her Person, flattered herself it was owing to the other's being better dressed: For I have known, continued *Cynthia*, something very like this, in People of a much higher Station. I remember once, I was with a Lady who was trying on her Gown, her Shape was but indifferent, for



she was something awry ; she scolded at her Manteau-maker two Hours, because she did not look so streight and genteel as another Lady of her Acquaintance, who had one of the finest Shapes that ever was seen. And yet this Woman in other things did not want Sense, but she would not see any Defect in her own Person, and consequently resolved to throw the Blame on any thing which came first in her way.

THIS little Set of Company passed the remainder of that Day in amusing themselves with their Observations on every Incident which happened ; and as they were all disposed in their own Minds to be pleased, every Trifle was an addition to their Pleasure. When they returned home in the Evening, they were weary with their Jaunt, and finding themselves inclined to Rest, retired to Bed : Where I will leave them to their Repose, and keep the next Day's Adventures for a subsequent Chapter.

#### C H A P. VII.

*Which introduces a Lady of Cynthia's Acquaintance to the Company.*

CYNTHIA, who had been accustomed for many Years to be startled from her Sleep at every Morning's Dawn, with all the uneasy Reflections of the several Insults and Indignities, Ill-nature, and a love of Tyranny had barbarously made her suffer the Day before, was at present in so different a Situation, that the returning Light, which used to be her greatest Enemy, now as her best Friend brought back to her Remembrance, all those pleasing Ideas her present Companions continually inspired her with. Therefore instead of endeavouring to compose herself again to slumber, (the usual method of the Unfortunate, in order to lose the Sense of their Sorrows) the Chearfulness of her Mind induced her to leave her Bed, and indulge herself with all those various Flights of Fancy, which are generally the Reward of Temperance, and Innocence. She stole softly into Camilla's Room, that if she was awake, she might increase her own Pleasures by sharing them with  
her

her Friend ; but finding her fast asleep, was again returning to her own Chamber, when by a Servant's opening the Door of an Apartment, by which she was obliged to pass, she had a transient View of a young Lady, with whom she fancied she was very well acquainted, but could not recollect where, or by what means she had seen her. This raised so great a Curiosity in *Cynthia*, to know who she was, that she could not forbear immediately inquiring of the Maid of the House, who lodged in that Apartment. The Maid replied, " Truly she did not know who she was, for she had not been there above a Fortnight, she was very handsome, but she believed a very *stupid* kind of a *Body*, for that she never dressed fine, or visited like other Ladies, but sat moping by herself all Day : but, continued she, there is no Reason to complain of her. *I think she is very honest, for she don't seem to want for Money to pay for any thing she has a mind to have ; she goes by the Name of Isabelle, and they say she is a French Woman.*"

THE Moment *Cynthia* heard her Name, she remembered it to be the same with that of the Marquis de *Stainville's* Sister, whom she knew very well when she was in *France* with my Lady ——— But then she could not imagine what Accident or Turn of Affairs could possibly have brought her into that House, and have caused so great an Alteration in her Temper, as from a gay sprightly Girl, to fall into so melancholy a Disposition.

WHEN *David* and his Companions met at Breakfast, *Cynthia* told them all which had passed, and by what means she had discovered an Acquaintance in that House ; and said she should be very glad of this Opportunity of waiting on *Isabelle* ; but that she feared by the retired Life she seemed to chuse, Company would be troublesome to her.

*DAVID* immediately fancied, it must be some terrible Distress, which had thus thrown this young Lady into a settled Melancholy ; therefore begged *Cynthia* with the utmost Eagerness to visit her, and find out, if possible, if there was any Method could be thought on for her Relief ; and it was agreed by them

all, that after Breakfast, *Cynthia* should send to know, if she would admit of a Visit from her.

IN the mean time the whole Conversation was taken up in Conjectures on *Isabelle's* Circumstances. *Camilla* could not forbear enquiring of *Cynthia*, if this young Lady had not a Father alive, and whether it was not probable his marrying a second Wife, might be the cause of her Misfortunes : But before there was time for an Answer, *David* said, “ I think, Madam, you “ mentioned her Brother ; he possibly may have treated “ her in such a manner, as to make her hate her own “ Country, and endeavour to change the Scene, in hopes “ to abate her Misery.” In short, every one guessed at some Reason or other, for a Woman of *Isabelle's* Quality leading a Life so unsuitable to the Station Fortune had placed her in.

THE Marquis *de Stainville's* Sister, although at this time she would have made it greatly her Choice to have been quite alone ; yet, as she had always had a great liking to *Cynthia's* Company, would not refuse to see her. Their Conversation turned chiefly on indifferent things ; for *Cynthia* would not so far transgress the Rules of Good Breeding, as to ask her any Questions concerning her own Affairs ; but in the midst of their Discourse, she often observed Tears to flow from *Isabelle's* Eyes, though she used her utmost Endeavours to conceal them.

DAVID waited with great Impatience while *Cynthia* was with *Isabelle*, in hopes at her Return to learn, whether or no it would be in his Power to gratify his favourite Passion (of doing Good) on this Occasion : but when *Cynthia* informed him, it was impossible as yet, without exceeding all Bounds of Good-manners, to know any Occurrences that had happened to *Isabelle* ; he grew very uneasy, and could not forbear reflecting on the Tyranny of Custom, which often subjects the Unfortunate to bear their Miseries ; because her severe Laws will neither suffer them to lay open their Distresses, without being thought forward and impertinent ; nor let even those People who would relieve them, enquire into their Misery, without being called by the World madly curious, or ridiculously meddling. Whereas he thought,  
that



that to see another uneasy, was a sufficient Reason for any of the same Species to endeavour to know, and remove the Cause of it.

CYNTHIA on reflection was convinced, that what, on some Occasions, would be transgressing the Laws of Decency, in this Case would be only the Effect of a generous Compassion. She therefore sought all Opportunities of conversing with *Isabelle*, till at length by her amiable and tender Behaviour she prevailed with her to let her introduce her to *David* and his Company. They were all surprized at the Grandeur of her Air and Manner, and the perfect Symmetry of her Features, as much as they were concerned at the Dejectedness of her Countenance, and the fixed Melancholy which visibly appeared in every thing she said, or did. For several Days they made it their whole Business to endeavour to divert her; but (as is usually the Case where Grief is really and unaffectedly rooted in the Heart) she sighed at every thing, which at another time would have given her Pleasure. And the Behaviour of this Company seemed only to make her regret the more something she had irrecoverably lost. She begged to be left to her own private Thoughts whatever they were, rather than disturb the Felicity of such Minds as she easily perceived theirs to be.

BUT *David* would not, nor indeed would any of the Company, suffer her to leave them, without informing them, whether or no they could do any thing to serve her. As to her saying, she perceived by the Tenderness of their Dispositions, she should only make them feel her Afflictions, without any possibility of relieving them; they looked on that to be the common Reflection of every generous Mind weighed down with present Grief. At last, by their continual Importunities, and the Uneasiness she was convinced she gave to People, who so much deserved her Esteem, she resolved, whatever Pain it would occasion her, to comply with their Requests, and relate the History of her Life; which she accordingly began, as follows:



I WAS bred up from five Years of Age in a Nunnery ; nothing remarkable happened to me during my Stay there : but I spent my Time sometimes with my Companions in innocent Amusements and childish Pleasures, sometimes in learning such things as were thought by my Governess to be most for my Improvement. At Fourteen, my Father sent for me home, and indulged me, in bringing with me a young Lady, named *Julie*, for whom I had taken a great Fancy. I had not been long there, before a Gentleman, who often visited and dined with my Father, made him a Proposal of marrying me. He soon informed me of it ; and although he did not absolutely command me to receive him as my Lover, yet I plainly saw he was very much inclined to the Match. This was the first time I had any Opportunity of acting ; or that I had ever considered of any thing farther than how to spend my time most agreeably from one Hour to another. I immediately ran and told my Companion what had passed, in order to consult with her in what Method I should act ; but was very much surprized, when I saw her, from the Moment I mentioned the Gentleman's Name, alternately blush and turn pale ; and that when she endeavoured to speak, her Voice faltered, and she could not utter her Words. When she was a little recovered, she begged me to call for a Glass of Water, for she was suddenly taken very ill. I was in the utmost Confusion, and knew not what to say ; but was resolved however for the present not to begin again on a Subject which had shocked her so much. We both endeavoured to turn the Conversation on indifferent things ; but were so perplexed in our own Thoughts, that it was impossible for us to continue long together without running into a Discourse of what we were both so full of. I therefore soon made some trifling Excuse, and left her ; and I believe this Separation at that time was the most agreeable thing which could have happened to her.

THE Moment I was alone, and had an Opportunity to reflect on the foregoing Scene ; young as I then was, I could not avoid seeing the Cause of *Julie's* Behaviour : it appeared very odd to me, that a Girl of her Sense should

should in so short a time be thus violently attached to a Man ; and had it not appeared so very visibly, the Improbability of it would have made me overlook it. For my own part, I neither liked nor disliked the Gentleman, but was perfectly averse to Marriage, unless I had a tender Regard for the Man I was to live with as a Husband. But I began now to think, that a Man who was capable of making such a Conquest, without even endeavouring at it, must have something very uncommon in him ; and was resolved therefore to observe him more narrowly for the future. I begged my Father would give me leave to converse with him a little while longer, without being thought for that reason engaged in Honour to live with him for ever : *for certainly, it is very unreasonable that any Person should be obliged immediately to determine a Point of such great Importance.*

JULIE now avoided me, as much as formerly she used to contrive all ways of being with me ; and whenever we were together, her downcast Eyes, and anxious Looks, sufficiently declared her Uneasiness at my having discovered a Secret she would willingly have concealed within her own Bosom.

My Lover being now admitted to converse with me, seemed to make no doubt but that he should soon gain my Affections, and grew every Day more and more particular to me. I don't know what was the Reason of it, (for he was far from being a disagreeable Man) but now he looked on himself as an accepted Lover, my Indifference turned into a perfect Aversion to him. I believe the seeing poor Julie's continual Unhappiness, was one Cause that I could not bear him to come near me. Besides, I fancied that he saw her Love, (notwithstanding all her Endeavours to conceal it) and did not treat her in the manner a good-natured Man would have done in that Case. In short, I soon resolved to declare to my Father, that nothing could make me so unhappy as the marrying this Gentleman, and to desire his Permission to refuse him. But Before I took this Step, I was willing to talk to Julie about it ; for as I saw her unhappy Situation, I dreaded doing any thing that might make her more miserable. I was very much perplexed, in what manner I could bring about a Conversation on a

Subject, the very mentioning of which had so violent an Effect on her. But one Day, as we were sitting together, it came into my Head to tell her a Story parallel to our Case; where a young Woman, by an obstinate concealing from her Friend that she was in love with the Gentleman by whom this Friend was addressed, suffered her innocently and ignorantly to marry the Man for whom she had not so violent a Passion, but that she could easily, and would have controuled and conquered it, had she known the Passion of her Friend, and the dreadful Consequences which it afterwards produced to her.

JULIE immediately understood my Meaning, and after several Sighs and Struggles with herself, burst out into the following Expressions: "Oh, *Isabelle*, what fresh Obligations are you every Minute loading me with! The generous Care you take of my future Peace, is so much beyond my Expectation, that it is impossible for me to thank you in any Words adequate to the strong Idea I have of your Goodness. I am satisfied, most Women in your Case would hate me as a *Rival*, although they despised the Man contended for. I must own to you, from the time I first saw Monsieur *Le Buisson*, I always liked him; and I flattered myself that he treated me with a peculiar Air of Gallantry, which I fondly imputed to a growing Passion. If ever I accidentally met him walking in the Garden, or in any other Place, he seemed to seek Occasions to keep me with him. But alas! I have since found out, that it was his Love for you, which made him endeavour to be acquainted with me, as he saw we were generally together: If you like him, I will go and bemoan my own wretched Fate in any Corner of the Earth, rather than be the least Obstacle to your Happiness."

HERE she ceased, the swelling Tears stood ready to start from her Eyes, and she seemed almost choaked for want of Utterance. I really pitied her, but knew not which way to relieve her: To tell Monsieur *Le Buisson* of her Passion, did not appear to me, by what I could observe of his *Disposition*, to be a likely means of succeeding. I tried all manner of ways, to find if there

was



was a possibility of making her easy, in case there should be any unconquerable Obstacle to the gratifying her Inclination : but when at last I found she would hearken with pleasure, to nothing but the talking of Methods to make Monsieur *Le Buiffon* in love with her, I began to think seriously which way I could bring it about. I imagined, if I kept him on without any determinate Answer what I would do, that I might, by a disagreeable Behaviour, joined to *Julie*'s Good-nature and Softness, make him turn his Affections on her. But it was some time before I could bring myself to this ; I thought it was not acting a sincere part, and I abhorred nothing so much as Dissimulation. But then, when I considered on the other side, that it would be making my Friend happy, and doing no injury to Monsieur *Le Buiffon*, as it would be the means of his having the best of Wives, I overcame all my Scruples, and engaged heartily in it. Every time I had used him ill enough to work him into a Rage, *Julie* purposely threw herself in his way, and by all the mild and gentle Methods she could think on, endeavoured to calm his Mind, and bring him into Good-humour again : In short, we did this so often, that at last we succeeded to our wish ; I got rid of my Lover, and *Julie* engaged the Man, whose Love was the only thing she thought could make her happy.

THE Match was soon concluded, for her Friends all greatly approved of it : I was forced to tell my Father the whole Truth, to prevent his thinking himself injured by his Friend. He chid me at first, for not informing him of it sooner ; but as he always looked with a favourable Eye on what I did, he soon forgave me. My Friend and I, both thought ourselves now quite happy : *Julie* in the Completion of her Wishes, and I in having been instrumental in bringing them about. But alas ! better had it been for us both, had she for ever shut herself from the World, and spent her time in conquering, instead of endeavouring to gratify and indulge her Passion : for Monsieur *Le Buiffon*, in a very short time, grew quite tired of her. For as she had never been really his Inclination, and it was only by working on the different Turns of his Passion, that he was at first engaged to marry her, he could not keep



himself from falling, at least, into a cold Indifference : However, as he was a polite Man, it was some time before he could bring himself to break through the Rules of good Breeding, and he treated her with the Respect and Civility he thought due to a Woman. This, however, did not prevent her being very miserable ; for the great Tenderness she felt for him, required all those soft Sensations, and that Delicacy in his Behaviour, which only could have completed the Happiness of such a Heart as her's ; *but which it is impossible ever to attain, where the Love is not perfectly mutual.*

I DENIED myself the Pleasure of ever seeing her, lest I should be the Cause of any Disturbance between them, but my Caution was all in vain ; for she, poor Soul, endeavoured to raise his Gratitude and encrease his Love, by continually reminding him of her long and faithful Passion, even from her first Acquaintance with him, till at last, by these means, she put it into his Head, that my Love for my *Friend*, was the Cause of my refusing and treating *him* ill. This thought roused a Fury in his Breast ; all Decency and Ceremony gave way to Rage, and from thinking her *Fondness* had been his *Curse*, by preventing his having the Woman he liked, she soon became the Object of his Hatred rather than his Love ; and he could not forbear venting continual Reproaches against her, for having thus gained him. Poor *Julie* did not long survive this Usage, but languished a short time in greater Misery than I can express, and then lost her Life, and the Sense of her Misfortunes together.

This was the first real Affliction I had ever felt ; I had loved *Julie* from her Infancy, and I now looked upon myself to have been the Cause of all her Sorrows ; nor could I help in some measure blaming my own Actions, for I had always dreaded the Consequence of thus in a manner betraying a Man into Matrimony. And altho' perhaps it may be something a more excusable Frailty, yet it certainly is as much a Failure in point of Virtue, and as great a want of Resolution, to indulge the Inclination of our Friends to their Ruin, as it is to gratify our own : or, to speak more properly, to People who are capable of Friendship, it is only a more exquisite and refined

refined way of giving themselves Pleasure. But I will not attempt to repeat all I endured on that Occasion, and shall only tell you, that Monsieur *Le Buiffon*, on the Death of his Wife, thinking now all Obstacles were removed between us, would again have been my Lover; but his Usage of *my* poor *Julie* had raised in me such an Indignation against him, that I resolved never to see him more.

BUT here, at the Period of *my* first Misfortune, I must cease; for I think nothing but the strong Desire I have to oblige this Company, could possibly have supported my sunk and weak Spirits to have talked so long at one time.

THE whole Company begged her not to tire herself, and expressed their hearty Thanks for what she had already done. She insisted now on retiring to her own Apartment; and promised the next Day, if her Health would give her leave, to continue her Story, in order to satisfy their Curiosity; or rather to convince them, that their Compassion in her Case, must be rendered perfectly fruitless, by the invincible Obstinacy of her Misfortunes.

AFTER *Isabelle* had left them, they spent the remainder of the Day in Remarks on that part of her Story she had already imparted to them. *David* could not help expressing the utmost Indignation against Monsieur *Le Buiffon* for his barbarous and ungrateful Treatment of *Julie*: He desired *Cynthia* to engage *Isabelle* as early as it was possible the next Morning, that she might resume her Story; which he said must have something very extraordinary in it; as the Death of her first Friend, and that in so shocking a manner, seemed to be but the Prologue to her increasing Miseries. Had not *Cynthia*'s own Inclinations exactly agreed with his, she would have been easily prevailed on, to have obliged the Man who had generously saved *Valentine*'s Life, and was the only Cause of her present happy Situation. In short, as soon as *Isabelle* was stirring the following Day, she was persuaded to join the Company, and after Breakfast went on with her Story, as follows.

## C H A P. VIII.

*The Continuation of the History of Isabelle.*

AFTER the Death of my favourite Companion, I had an Aversion to the Thoughts of all Lovers ; and altho' my Father had several *Proposals* for me, yet I utterly rejected them, and begged him, as the only means to make me go through Life with any tolerable Ease, that I might be permitted to spend my Time at his Villa in Solitude and Retirement. His Fondness for me prevailed on him to comply with my Request, and Time began to make my late Affliction subside. I had besides a Dawn of Comfort in the Company of my Brother, who, notwithstanding his Youth, and being a *Frenchman*, was of so grave and philosophical a Temper, that he having now finished his Studies, like me preferred the enjoying his own Thoughts in Ease and Quiet, to all the gay Amusements and noisy Pomp which were to be met with in *Paris*. Tho' we had never been bred together, yet the present Sympathy of our Tempers (for I was become as grave from the late Accident which had befallen me, as he was from Nature) led us to contract the strictest Friendship for each other. All Sprightliness was now vanished, and I had no other Pleasure but in my Brother's indulging me to converse with him on serious Subjects : With this Amusement I began to be contented, and to find returning Ease flow in upon my Mind ; but this was more than I was long permitted to enjoy, for whilst I was in this Situation, one Evening, as my Father was coming from *Paris*, he got a Fall from his Horse, by which Accident he bruised his Side in such a manner, that it threw him into a Pleurisy, of which he died. Thus was I only to be cured of the Sense of one Misery, by the Birth of another ; he had always been to me a most indulgent Parent, and the Horror I felt at the loss of him, rendered me some time inconsolable ; nor do I think any thing could have ever made me overcome my Grief, but that my Brother was now *Marquis de Stainville*, notwithstanding I am certain he felt the Loss equal with me, had

*Greatness*

*Greatness of Mind* enough to enable him to stifle all his own Sorrows, in order to comfort and support me under mine; till at length I was ashamed to see so much Goodness thrown away upon me, and I was resolved (at least in appearance) to shake off my Melancholy, that I might no longer be a Burthen to *such a Brother*. This Consideration, and the Agreeableness of his Conversation, assisted me by Degrees to calm my Mind, and again brought me back into a State of Tranquillity: He often used to entertain me with Stories of what had happened to him at School, with his Remarks (which were generally very judicious) on them. One Evening, as we were talking of Friendship, he related to me the following Instance of a Boy's unusual Attachment to him, which I will give you in his own Words.

“ WHEN I was at School, I contracted a warm  
“ Friendship with the young Chevalier *Dumont*: in-  
“ deed it was impossible for me to avoid it, for the  
“ Sympathy of our Tempers was so very strong,  
“ that Nature seemed to have pointed us out as Com-  
“ panions to each other. It is usual amongst every  
“ number of Boys, for each of them to single out  
“ some one or other with whom they more particu-  
“ larly converse than with the rest; but we not on-  
“ ly loved one another better than all our other School-  
“ Fellows, but I verily believe, if we had had our  
“ Choice throughout the whole World, we neither  
“ of us could have met with a Friend to whom we  
“ could have been so sincerely attached. Notwith-  
“ standing our Youth, we were both so fond of Read-  
“ ing and Study, that the Boys of gayer Disposition  
“ used to laugh at us, calling us *Book-worms*, and  
“ shun us, as unfit for their Society: This was the  
“ most agreeable thing that could have happened to  
“ us, as it gave us an Opportunity to enjoy each o-  
“ ther's Company undisturbed, and to get Improve-  
“ ment by continually reading together. In short, we  
“ spent our time, till we went to the Academy, as  
“ pleasantly as I think it possible to do in this World;  
“ there all our Scenes of Pleasure were destroyed by  
“ the Villainy of a young Man, (one Monsieur *Le*  
“ *Neuf*)



“ *Neuf*) whose Father was so penurious, that he would  
“ not allow him Money enough to be on a Footing  
“ with the rest of the young Gentlemen. This put  
“ him on all manner of Stratagems to supply his Ex-  
“ pences, which as much exceeded the Bounds of  
“ common Discretion, as his Father’s Allowance fell  
“ short of what was necessary. He soon found out that  
“ I had great plenty of Money, and therefore resolved  
“ some way or other to get an Intimacy with me : He  
“ affected the same Love of Learning, and Taste for  
“ Study, with the Chevalier and myself ; till at last,  
“ by his continual endeavouring to oblige us, we were  
“ prevailed on often to admit him into our Company.  
“ He saw I had no great Fondness for Money, and  
“ was willing to share what I had with my Friends ;  
“ this put it into his Head to try if he could make a  
“ Quarrel between *Dumont* and me, that he might pos-  
“ sels me wholly himself : And you must know, *Isabelle*,  
“ notwithstanding the present Calmness that appears in  
“ my Temper, I am naturally excessively passionate,  
“ and have such a Warmth in my Disposition, that the  
“ least Suspicion of being ill used by my Friends, sets  
“ me whole Soul in a flame, and enrages me to mad-  
“ ness. Now the sort of Mind in the World best suited  
“ for Villainy to work its own Ends out of, is  
“ this ; and happy for me was it, that *Dumont* is of a  
“ Temper entirely opposite : for tho’ I have experi-  
“ enced his Bravery, yet he even fights with the Calm-  
“ ness of a Philosopher.

“ *LE NEUF* would often take Opportunities to tell  
“ Stories of false Friends ; of People, who under the  
“ pretence of Love, had betrayed, and made their own  
“ Advantage of the *undefigning* and *artless*, and would  
“ always conclude with some Remarks on the *Folly* of  
“ People’s confiding too strongly in others, unless a  
“ long Experience had convinced them of their *Sincerity*.  
“ We neither of us had the least Suspicion of his  
“ Aim ; and, as he had an entertaining manner of tel-  
“ ling Stories, used to hearken to him with the utmost  
“ Attention.

“ THERE was a Boy belonging to the Academy,  
“ who had a Voice so like *Dumont*’s, that in another  
“ Room

“ Room it was very difficult to distinguish them from  
“ each other *Le Neuf* one Day got this Lad into a  
“ Chamber adjoining to mine, and, when he had giv-  
“ en him his Lesson, began to talk very loud, and men-  
“ tioned my Name with such an Eagerness, as gave me  
“ a Curiosity to hear what they were talking of : But  
“ what was my Surprise, when I heard *Dumont*, (as I  
“ then thought) use me with great Contempt ; swear  
“ he would never have any thing to say to such a Fool,  
“ if my Command of Money had not put it in his pow-  
“ to make a proper use of me. And then endeavoured  
“ to inveigle *Le Neuf*, that they two might join together,  
“ in order to make me the greater Dupe ; but said, *he*  
“ must still keep up the appearance of Generosity, and  
“ Unwillingness to take any thing from me, lest I should  
“ suspect *him* ! *Le Neuf* immediately answered, that he  
“ would not for the World *deceive* me ; but would let  
“ me know what a Friend I had in *Dumont*, if it was  
“ not for fear that he would have Art enough to make  
“ him appear only a *Mischief-maker*, and still impose  
“ the more on me. But, continued he, I will endea-  
“ vour all the ways I can to open his Eyes, and to let  
“ him see the regard you have for him.

“ I HAD now heard enough, and was going hastily  
“ to break open the Door, but found it locked. *Le*  
“ *Neuf* well knew who it was, and sent the Boy out at  
“ another Door, down a pair of Back-stairs, and then  
“ let me in. The Fury of my Looks sufficiently de-  
“ clared that I had been witness of all that had passed  
“ between him and the *fancied Dumont*. I stared wild-  
“ ly about the Room, in hopes to find him, but in  
“ vain. *Le Neuf* was in the highest Satisfaction imagin-  
“ able at this Success of his *vile Scheme*, and said, That  
“ by my Actions and manner he was convinced, Acci-  
“ dent had undeceived me with regard to my Opinion  
“ of *Dumont* ; that indeed he had a long time been  
“ thinking of a Method to let me know the Truth ;  
“ but was always afraid my fixed Love for my Friend,  
“ would have put it in his power, to blind my Eyes  
“ enough to make *him* appear the only guilty Person.  
“ You may remember, Sir, continued he, how much  
“ my Conversation has turn'd, ever since I have had  
“ the

“ the Pleasure of knowing you, on the great Caution  
“ that is necessary (if we would preserve our own Peace)  
“ before we entirely place a Confidence in any Man.  
“ What you have now over-heard, will prove this to  
“ you better than all I could say : But let me add another  
“ piece of Advice, which is no less proper for  
“ you upon this Occasion : Break off your Friendship  
“ with *Dumont* by degrees, without ever telling him  
“ the real Cause ; that would only produce a Quarrel  
“ between you, which might have bad Consequences  
“ and when the subject of it comes to be known in the  
“ World, it might bring some Disgrace upon you, for  
“ having been duped by him so long, and give you the  
“ Air of a Bubble. It is therefore much more prudent  
“ to let your Connection with him quietly drop, than  
“ to come to any disagreeable and publick Explanations  
“ upon this Affair.

“ THUS did this artful Villain endeavour to guard  
“ against any *Eclaircissement* between me and my  
“ Friend, which might produce a Discovery of the  
“ Trick he had played ; and had my Temper been  
“ cooler, he would have succeeded ; but I was then  
“ quite incapable of attending to any Considerations of  
“ Prudence : And, in the height of my Rage, ran  
“ down Stairs to seek Satisfaction of the *injured Dumont*,  
“ for the Wrongs I falsely imagined he had done me.  
“ Upon inquiry I found he was gone out through the  
“ Garden into a Field, the properest place in the World  
“ for my present Purpose. He was alone, out of either  
“ the Hearing or Sight of any Mortal. The Moment  
“ I came near enough to be heard, I drew my Sword,  
“ and called on him to defend himself ; it was in this  
“ Instant that *Dumont* (notwithstanding the Surprize he  
“ must undoubtedly be in) collected all his Resolution,  
“ and exerted the highest Friendship, to prevent the  
“ happening of an Accident so fatal, as must either have  
“ cost me my Life, or destroyed all my my future Peace.  
“ In short, all the opprobrious Language I could give  
“ him could not provoke him to draw his Sword ; but  
“ with the warmest Entreaties he begged me to put up  
“ mine, till we could come to some *Eclaircissement*.”

I NOW

“ I now began to think he added Cowardice to Treachery, and in my Rage had not Command enough of myself to forbear adding the Name of Coward to the rest of my Reproaches. Still he bore it all : At last he swore, *If I would but have Patience till he knew what it was that had thrown me into this Passion, if he could not clear himself, he would not refuse to fight with me, whenever I pleased.* My Fury being a little abated by these Words, I put up my Sword, and then told him all I thought I had overheard between him and *Le Neuf*. It is impossible to describe his Amazement at hearing this ; I thought there was something so innocent in his Looks, that all my former Love returned for him, and I began to fancy I had been in a Dream : He at length got so far the better of me, that I consented to make a stricter Enquiry into this Affair, before we proceeded any farther.

“ WE walked some Time together, but every Word *Dumont* spoke put me so much in mind of that *Wretch's* Voice who had deceived me, that I could hardly keep myself from bursting into fresh Passions every Moment ; he perceived it, and kindly bore all my Infirmities.

“ As soon as we came home, we called *Le Neuf* ; and the Chevalier asked him what Villainy he could have contrived to impose so much on my Understanding, as to make me believe he had ever mentioned my Name but with the greatest Respect and Friendship ; he was too much hardened in his Wickedness to recede from what he had begun ; and said, I was the best Judge whether I knew *Dumont's* Voice or no : and then pretended to be in the greatest Astonishment, that a Man could in so short a time deny his own Words, to the Face of the very Person to whom he had spoke them. We all three stood looking at one another in great Perplexity ; and, for my Part, I knew not which way to come at the Truth. At last *Dumont* begged me to have Patience till the next Day, and, by that time, he did not doubt but he should make every thing clear before me ; to which, with much Persuasion, I at last consented.

“ THE



“ THE Chevalier knew *Le Neuf* used to go every Night to walk in a solitary Place, in order, as he supposed, to plot the Mischiefs he intended to perpetrate; thither he followed him a little after Sun-set, and catching hold of him by the Collar, swore, that Moment should be his last, unless he confessed who it was that he had bribed to speak in his Voice, in order to impose upon me. The Villain had not the Courage to draw his Sword, but falling down on his Knees, confessed the whole, and shewed the Baseness of his Nature no less in begging Pardon, than he had done in committing the Crime. But *Dumont* refused to forgive him, unless on condition of his going with him to me, and repeating the same Confession, to which the mean Creature submitted.

“ THINK, my *Isabelle*, (continued my Brother) what I must feel, when I found I had wronged the Man, who was capable of acting in the generous and uncommon manner the Chevalier had done; he saw my Confusion, and kindly flew to my Relief. Now, said he, I hope my dear Friend is convinced of my Innocence; and at the same time embracing me, assured me he would impute the Violence of my Passion to the Vehemence of my love, and never mention this Accident more.

“ *LE NEUF* begged we would keep this Affair a Secret, but that we could not consent to, for the sake of others. We asked him how it was possible, that at his Age he could think of such Villainy, for the sake of a little Money; to which he replied, that he had been from his Infancy bred up with a Father, who had amassed great Wealth, by never sticking at any thing, from which he could gain any Advantage; and altho’ indeed, contrary to his Father, he loved to spend it, yet he had always laid it down as a Maxim, that all Considerations were to be sacrificed to the getting it.

“ WE made him produce the Boy he had employed, and he really spoke so like the Chevalier, we could not distinguish one Voice from the other; on which the good-natured *Dumont* told me, I ought not to be angry with myself for not avoiding an Imposition, which

“ which must have deceived all the World : This was  
“ Generosity, this was being a true Friend ; for the  
“ Man who will bear another’s Frailties, in my Opinion,  
“ is the only Person who deserves that Name. Those  
“ People who let their Pride intervene with their Ten-  
“ derness, enough to make them quarrel with their  
“ Friends for their Mistakes, may sometimes make an  
“ Appearance of loving another, but in reality they ne-  
“ ver enter into Engagements from any other Motive  
“ than Selfishness : and I think the Person who for-  
“ sakes his Friend, only because he is not perfect,  
“ is much upon the same footing with one, who will  
“ be no longer faithful to his Friend, than while  
“ Fortune favours him. I have told you this Story,  
“ Sister, only to let you into the Character of the  
“ Man I so deservedly esteem ; that, as you are my  
“ chief Companion, when I talk of him, (as I am  
“ fond of doing) you may not be an intire Stranger  
“ to him : I left him at the Academy, where I have  
“ since written to him, and am surprized I have had  
“ no Answer. As to *Le Neuf*, we published his In-  
“ famy, which obliged him to leave the Academy.”  
Here my Brother ceased.

As soon as *Isabelle* had related thus much of her Story, *Cynthia* desired her to rest herself before she proceeded : And, in the mean time, *David* could not forbear shewing his Indignation against *Le Neuf*, and declaring his Approbation of the Marquis *de Stainville*’s Sentiments, that nothing but finding some great Fault in the Heart, can ever excuse us for abandoning our Friends. The whole Company joined in their Admiration of the Chevalier *Dumont*’s Behaviour ; but, perceiving that turning the Conversation a little on indifferent Subjects, would be the best means of enabling *Isabella* to relate what remained, they endeavoured to amuse her as much as lay in their power ; and, as soon as she had a little recovered herself, she went on, as will be seen in the next Chapter.

## C H A P. IX.

*The Continuation of the History of Isabelle.*

AFTER my Brother had told me this Story, his favourite Subject of Conversation was the Chevalier *Dumont* ; but this lasted not long, before the accidental Sight of a young Lady at a Neighbour's House turned all his Thoughts another way ; her Name was *Dorimene*, Daughter to the Count de ———. As the Marquis de *Stainville* never concealed any Thing from me, he immediately told me the Admiration *Dorimene* had inspired him with ; his whole Soul was so filled with her Idea, he could neither think nor talk of any thing else : she was to stay some time with the Gentleman's Lady where my Brother saw her ; and, as I had a small Acquaintance with her, at his Request I went to wait on her, in order to get an Opportunity to invite *Dorimene* to our House. I was a little surprized at the great and sudden Effect her Charms had had on my Brother ; but at the first Sight of her all my wonder vanished ; for the elegant Turn of her whole Person, joined to the regular Beauties of her Face, would rather have made it matter of Astonishment, if a Man of my Brother's Age could have seen her without being in Love with her. In short, a very little Conversation with her quite overcame him, and he thought of nothing but marrying her.

THE Marquis de *Stainville* was in the possession of so large a Fortune, that he was a Match for *Dorimene* which there was no danger of her Friends refusing ; and the Gentleman with whom she then was, being very intimate with her Father, immediately wrote him word of the particular notice my Brother took of his Daughter. On the receipt of this Letter the Count de ——— came to his Friend's House, under the pretence of fetching *Dorimene* home, but in reality with a Design of concluding the Match between her and my Brother. She was very young, had never had any other Engagement ; and, as the Custom in *France* makes most Ladies think a married Life most agreeable, she implicitly obeyed her Father.

THE Marquis de *Stainville's* Passion for her was so violent, that it could not bear any Delay. In a Month's time they were married, with the Consent of all Parties ; and, in the possession of *Dorimene*, my Brother's Happiness was compleat, nor did he know a Wish beyond it. On her Request I continued to live with them, and we spent our Time very agreeably, for *Dorimene* was really an amiable Companion ; she was not of a Temper to be ruffled with Trifles, and, as to the generality of things, was very indifferent which way they went. I never saw her but once in a Passion, but then indeed she perfectly frightned me ; for she was quite furious, and her Mind was agitated with much more Violence than those which are easily put into Disorder can ever be. My Brother doated on her to Distraction, the least Intimation of any Inclination of her's was enough to make him fly to obey her ; at her Desire we spent a few Months in the Winter at *Paris*, but then she gave no farther into the Gaieties of that Place than her Husband approved of.

THE Count de ——— had a small Villa about six Leagues from *Paris* which was as pleasantly situated as any in *France* ; in this Place my Brother took a Fancy to spend the next Summer after he was married. In a little while after we had been there, as my Sister and I were sitting one Day in a Grotto at the End of a Parterre, we saw the Marquis de *Stainville* and another Gentleman coming towards us ; we rose up to meet them, and as soon as we were near enough to join Companies, my Brother took the Gentleman by the Hand, and presented him to us under the Name of the Chevalier *Dumont*. *Dorimene* and I (for she had also heard his History) were both rejoiced at thus meeting with the Man my Brother had given us so advantageous a Character of. She politely said, "That nothing could be more welcome to her than the Marquis de *Stainville's* Friend." We walked some time in the Garden ; but my Brother observing the Chevalier grow faint, proposed the going in ; saying, "That as he was but just recovered of a Fit of Sickness, it would be adviseable for him to be in the House." And indeed, he looked so pale and thin, that it was rather wonderful how



how it was possible for him to bear being out of his Bed, than that Rest should be necessary for him: He was in so weak a State of Health, that we spent two or three Days together before the Marquis would ask him any Particulars; but as soon as he thought he had gained Strength enough, to enable him to relate all that had happened to him, from the Time of their Separation, the Marquis eagerly desired *Dumont* not to let him remain in ignorance of whatever had befallen so dear a Friend during that Interval: which Request both my Sister and I earnestly joined in, and the Chevalier obligingly began, as follows:

“ THE Day, Sir, after you left the Academy, when  
 “ I was in the height of my Melancholy for your Loss  
 “ to compleat my Affliction, I received a Letter from  
 “ my Mother, “ That my Father was taken very ill,  
 “ and desired me to hasten Home, as I valued ever  
 “ seeing him again.” I did not delay a Moment obey-  
 “ ing his Commands; but immediately took Horse and  
 “ rode with full Speed till I reached his *Villa*: he was  
 “ yet alive, but so near his End, that it was with diffi-  
 “ culty he uttered his Words. The Moment I entered  
 “ his Chamber, and he was told by his fond and afflict-  
 “ ed Wife that I was there to attend his Commands, he  
 “ raised himself up in his Bed, and seemed to keep Life  
 “ in him by Force, in order to give me his last Blessing.  
 “ He then desired to be left some few Minutes with me  
 “ alone; and as I approached his Bed-side, he took me  
 “ by the Hand, and sighing said, “ Oh! my Son, I  
 “ have ruined you and the best of Wives at once, you  
 “ know the long and faithful Friendship I have had for  
 “ Monsieur ———, and the great Obligations I owe  
 “ to him. After you was separated from me, in order  
 “ to follow your Studies, he married a young and beau-  
 “ tiful Lady, whom he was so fond of, he could deny  
 “ her nothing. She was one of those gay Ladies, who  
 “ never thought herself so happy, as when she was la-  
 “ vishing her Husband’s Fortune on her own Extrava-  
 “ gance; by this Means she soon brought him into the  
 “ most distressed State imaginable; he had a growing  
 “ Family, and no Means of supporting them. I could  
 “ not

“ not bear to see his Misery, and presently relieved  
“ it: I did this once or twice; but he had so much  
“ Generosity, and so strong a Resolution, that he  
“ absolutely refused to drag me down to Ruin and  
“ Perdition with him. He obstinately persisted in  
“ what he thought right, and I on the other hand  
“ was as fully bent never to let him sink, without  
“ sharing his Misfortunes. In short, I by degrees  
“ underhand sold almost every thing I was worth,  
“ and convey’d it to him in such a manner, that  
“ he never knew from whom it came. If God had  
“ been pleas’d to have spared my Life, I intended  
“ to have got you a Post in the Army, and had  
“ a Scheme in my head, which I thought could not  
“ fail to have made some Provision for your Mo-  
“ ther; but it is now at an end, my Strength fails  
“ me, and I can no more. Farewell for ever: As  
“ you are young, if you can make any Struggle in  
“ the World, cherish, and take care of my Wife.  
“ At these Words he ceased speaking, and breathed  
“ his last in my Arms”.

AT this Description *Dorimene* and I both burst into Tears, in spite of our utmost Endeavours to prevent it; which stopt the Chevalier *Dumont’s* Narration for a few Minutes, when on our earnest Intreaties he thus proceeded.

“ I SEE I need not explain to these Ladies, what  
“ I felt on this dreadful Occasion; they seem too  
“ sensible of the Miseries that attend Human Kind,  
“ not to imagine it all without my Assistance; nor  
“ will I shock the Tenderness of any of this Com-  
“ pany, with the Repetition of my Mother’s Grief;  
“ but shall only say, it was as great as the softest  
“ Heart could feel on the Loss of a Husband, whom  
“ she had lived with, and tenderly loved for Thirty  
“ Years together. Perhaps as my Father had a Fa-  
“ mily, he may be thought blameable for such a  
“ Conduct; but for my Part, notwithstanding I am  
“ the Sufferer, I shall always honour his Memory the  
“ more for it; when I reflect that I have often heard  
“ him say, that to the Gentleman’s Father (for whom  
“ he

“ he at last ruined himself) he owed all that he had  
“ in the world.

“ I WAS afraid of revealing to my Mother, what  
“ my Father had told me, and delayed it some  
“ time for no other Reason but from want of Re-  
“ solution to add to the Load of Afflictions she was  
“ already burdened with. At last, Necessity forced  
“ me to undertake the Task, however uneasy it was  
“ to me ; for the Person who had bought the House  
“ we were then in of my Father, was to enter upon  
“ it the next Week. I really believe the Uneasiness  
“ the poor Man suffered on that account, and chiefly  
“ for his Wife’s sake, hastened his Death. When I  
“ disclosed to my Mother the present Situation of  
“ our Affairs, instead of burdening me with Com-  
“ plaints and Lamentations, she at first shewed a per-  
“ fect Indifference, and said, as she had lost her only  
“ Comfort in losing my Father, she cared very lit-  
“ tle what became of her ; but then looking at me  
“ with an Air of the greatest Tendernefs, she sighed,  
“ and said, Why did I bring into the World a Crea-  
“ ture with your generous Sentiments ! who after  
“ being educated like a Gentleman, must be thrown  
“ on the wide World without any Means of sup-  
“ porting that Station in Life. She saw how much  
“ her Discourse affected me, and therefore said no  
“ more.

“ As soon as I had time to reflect by myself on  
“ the present Condition of my Affairs, I began se-  
“ riously to consider what I should do ; for I was  
“ resolved in some shape or other to support my Mo-  
“ ther. My Thoughts immediately turned on you,  
“ my dear Marquis *de Stainville*, and I made no doubt,  
“ but in your Friendship I should meet with an  
“ *Asylum* from all my Cares and Afflictions. I then  
“ wrote the letter I have already mentioned to you ;  
“ it was not at all in the Style of a poor Man to  
“ his Patron, but rather rejoicing that I had an Op-  
“ portunity of giving you what I thought the high-  
“ est Pleasure in the World, that of relieving your  
“ Friend from the insupportable Calamity of hav-  
“ ing

“ing a helpless and distressed Mother upon my hands,  
“without its being in my Power to help her.

“WHEN I had sent away my Letter, I got Credit for a little House, where I placed my Mother; but as soon as I thought it possible for me to have an Answer, I cannot describe the anxious Hours I passed: every Moment seemed a thousand; day after day was I in this Situation, and no Letter came to comfort me. Forgive me, my dear Friend; nothing could have given me any Suspicion of you at another time: but now every thing seemed so much my Enemy, that I thought you so too. When I remembered our tender parting, Tears would start into my Eyes, and I thought, to have you forsake me, because I wanted Fortune, was more than I could bear: Yet in the midst of all this Trouble, I was obliged to struggle and appear chearful, to keep up my poor Mother’s sinking Spirits. To tell you the Variety of Misery I went through, would make my Story tedious, and be shocking to your Natures: When I thought my *Stainville* had forsaken me, the Neglect of all my other professed Friends was trifling. The Insults of my Creditors I could have supported with tolerable Patience; but my Father’s last Words, *Take care of my Wife*, continually resounded in my Ears; and I saw daily before my Eyes, *this Wife—this Mother*—and found myself utterly void of any Power to save her from Destruction; and now fruitless Lamentations were the only Refuge left me.

“WHEN I was almost driven to the utmost Despair, at last, by often revolving in my Mind various Schemes to extricate myself out of the deplorable Condition of seeing a tender Parent languish away her little Remains of Life in want of Necessaries, I recollected the young Duke *de ———*, who, you know, Sir, left the Academy about two Months after we came to it. The little while he was there with us, he was particularly civil to me; and I resolved now as my last Effort to write him my Case in the most pathetick Terms I could think of, and try if I could prevail on him to



“ deliver me out of my Misery. It was some time  
“ before I obtained an Answer, and when it came,  
“ it was perfectly in the Style of a great Man to  
“ *his Dependant*: However at the Bottom he told me  
“ he had procured a Place for me, which would bring  
“ in about 50 Louis-d’ors a Year; if I would ac-  
“ cept this, I must come immediately to *Paris*.

“ THOUGH this was not a thing fit to be offer-  
“ ed a Gentleman; yet it was not a Time for me  
“ to consider my Station in Life; this would be some  
“ little Support to my Mother, and I did not fear  
“ bustling in the world for myself. I was going to  
“ *Paris*, when I was taken ill of a violent Fever in  
“ the House where you found me. I had but just  
“ enough in my Pocket to have carried me to my  
“ Journey’s End; this was soon spent in Sickness, and  
“ I was in a Place where I was an utter Stranger,  
“ confined to my Bed, without a Penny to help my-  
“ self: And though Death would have been very  
“ welcome to me, as it would have put an end to  
“ my Misfortunes; yet when I considered my Mo-  
“ ther, I looked on it with great Dread.

“ My Landlord happened to be a very humane,  
“ good-natured Man, and on my telling him my help-  
“ less Condition, desired me not to make myself un-  
“ easy, for that he would for the present bring me  
“ Necessaries, and he did not doubt, but by the Re-  
“ presentation of my Circumstances, to a very chari-  
“ table Gentleman, who was lately come to the Count  
“ *de ———*’s, he should get me some Relief.

“ My Distemper became so violent, that I was  
“ hardly sensible; but by the great Care that was  
“ taken of me, it abated by Degrees; and as soon  
“ as I came to recollect how long I had lain there,  
“ I asked who was the generous Benefactor to whom  
“ I owed the Preservation of my Life; and was im-  
“ mediately told by my Landlord, that he had found  
“ a Method of making my Case known to the Mar-  
“ quis *de Stainville*, who had given strict Orders to  
“ have the utmost Care taken of me, and sent Mo-  
“ ney for that Purpose. At the Sound of that Name  
“ I started up in my Bed, and stared so wildly, that

“ the

“ the poor Man was quite frightened. At last I cried  
 “ out, Are you sure it is the Marquis *de Stainville* ?  
 “ Are you positive you don’t mistake the Name ?  
 “ No, no, Sir, replied the Man, I know I am right  
 “ in what I say, he married the Count *de ———*’s  
 “ Daughter, and is here at his House. I had lived  
 “ so retired from the time of my Father’s Death, and  
 “ had been so little inquisitive about any thing that  
 “ passed in the World, that I had never so much  
 “ as heard of your Marriage: However, on the Man’s  
 “ positive Assurance, that he was not mistaken, I be-  
 “ gan to think this Goodness was like the Nature  
 “ of my old Friend ; but then it seemed to me impro-  
 “ bable, that a Man who was capable of being so  
 “ charitable to Strangers, could abandon his Friend  
 “ in the highest Distress. This put it into my Head,  
 “ that possibly my Letter might have miscarried, and  
 “ you were yet ignorant of all I had suffered. This  
 “ Thought infused such inexpressible and sudden Joy  
 “ all over me, it hastened my Recovery so much,  
 “ that in two Days time I was able to walk about  
 “ my Room.

“ As I was sitting and considering with myself  
 “ which way I should bring about an Interview  
 “ with you, without directly sending my Name, my  
 “ Landlord said ; Now, Sir, if you have a mind to  
 “ see your Benefactor, the Marquis *de Stainville*, at  
 “ that Window, you may satisfy your Curiosity, for  
 “ he is coming this Way. I immediately placed my-  
 “ self in such a Position, that it was impossible  
 “ for you to pass by without seeing me: But how,  
 “ Ladies, shall I describe my Raptures, when I saw  
 “ the Marquis *de Stainville* start at the first Sight  
 “ of me ; fly in a moment back to the Door, and  
 “ run into my Arms, with all the Joy which at-  
 “ tends the unexpected Meeting of a long absent  
 “ Friend ! This sudden Transport, with the Shame  
 “ I felt for having ever suspected his Affection, joined  
 “ to the great Weakness of my Body, quite over-  
 “ came me, and it was some time before my Words  
 “ could find an Utterance: But as soon as I was  
 “ able to speak, I asked him ten thousand Questi-

“ ons at once, talked confusedly of a Letter ; in short,  
“ we could not presently understand one another :  
“ But at last I found out, that all I had endured  
“ was owing to accidentally directing my Letter to  
“ the Marquis at *Paris*, when he was at his Fa-  
“ ther’s Villa, which occasioned its being lost ; nor  
“ did I ever receive that my Friend wrote to me  
“ at the Academy, having left that Place, as I at  
“ first told you, the day after we were separated.

“ HERE my Brother interrupted the Chevalier *Du-*  
“ *mont*, and said, there had nothing more happened  
“ worth mentioning, till they met us in the Garden ;  
“ but we were so pleased with this happy Meeting  
“ of the two Friends, that we begged to know every  
“ thing that had passed between them ; and, on our  
“ Request, the Chevalier proceeded.

“ IT is the Marquis’s Generosity, Ladies, which  
“ makes him willing that I should stop here, as what  
“ remains is a Proof that I owe him the greatest  
“ Obligation imaginable. In our Walk home, altho’,  
“ as he saw me weak, he would not inquire into  
“ more Particulars, than he thought necessary to find  
“ out in what manner he could best serve me ; yet  
“ his Impatience, to prove by all ways how much he  
“ was my Friend, led him to ask me by what means  
“ I could have been brought into such a Condi-  
“ tion ; and I in broken Sentences explained myself  
“ so far to him, that, with his Penetration, he found  
“ out, that to send an immediate Relief to my Mo-  
“ ther was the only thing capable of giving me Ease.  
“ This he has already done”.

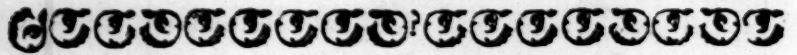
THE Marquis would by no means admit him to go any farther ; but said, I beg, my dear *Dumont*, you will talk no more of such Trifles, from this time forward, the only Favour I beg of you, is to make my House your own, nor shall you accept of that pitiful thing the Duke *de* ——— designed for you.

THE Chevalier’s Heart was too full to make any Answer, and my Brother artfully turned the Conversation another way. Politeness and Good-humour reigned throughout this our little Company, and the agreeable and lively Manner in which we spent our  
Time

Time, joined to his being convinced of the Sincerity of his Friend, had such an immediate Effect on the tender-hearted *Dumont*, that it is almost incredible how soon he was restored to perfect Health. This was by much the happiest Part of my Life, and on this little Period of Time, I wish I could for ever fix my Thoughts: But our Tranquillity was soon disturbed, by an Accident which I must pause, and take breath a while, before I relate.

In the mean time, *David* and *Valentine* both expressed their great Admiration of the Marquis *de Stainville* and the Chevalier *Dumont's* sincere and faithful Friendship; and by their Looks and Gestures plainly declared the inward Exultings of their Minds, at the Thought that they had met with the same Happiness in each other. But *Isabelle's* last Words had raised the Curiosity of the whole Company to such a degree, that she was resolved she would keep them no longer in suspense, than was necessary to enable her to gratify them; and then proceeded, as will be seen in the next Chapter.





THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
DAVID SIMPLE.

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BOOK IV.

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CHAP. I.

*A Continuation of the History of ISABELLE.*

MY Brother's great Fondness for *Dorimene* made him, and consequently the whole Family, unhappy at every the least Indisposition of hers. She had hitherto been in the main very healthy; but now she fell into a Distemper, with which, of all others, it is most terrible to see a Friend afflicted. I know not by what Name to call it; but it was such a Dejection on her Spirits, that it made her grow perfectly childish. She could not speak without shedding Tears; nor sit a Moment without Sighing, as if some terrible Misfortune had befallen her. You may imagine the Condition my poor Brother was in, at seeing her thus suddenly changed: for from being of the most chearful Disposition that could be, she was become perfectly melancholy. He sent for the most celebrated Physicians in *France*; and she, to comply with his Request, took whatever they ordered: But all Medicines proved vain, and rather increased, than abated her Distemper.

WE all three endeavoured to the utmost of our Power to divert and amuse her; but sometimes she insisted

insisted so strongly on being left alone, that as we found the contradicting her made her worse, we were obliged to comply with her Desire.

My Brother was so anxious about his Wife, that when she would not suffer him to be with her : as he hated to burden his Friends with his Afflictions, he used in a manner to escape from us, that he might be at liberty to indulge his own uneasy Thoughts, without having any Witnesses of them. By this means the Chevalier *Dumont* had often an Opportunity of entertaining me apart.

He at first treated me with an easy agreeable Air of Gallantry and Address; which, as it seemed to tend to no Consequence that could give me a serious Thought, gave me great Pleasure. But this did not last long; for his Behaviour was soon turned into that awful Respect, which seemed to arise from both Esteem and fear. Whenever we were together alone, his Thoughts appeared so fixed, that as he was fearful of saying too much, he remained in silence; and when he approached me, it was with such a Confusion in his Looks, as plainly indicated the great Disorder of his Mind. I have observed him when he has been coming towards me, suddenly turn back, and hasten away, as if he was resolved to shun me in spite of any Inclination he might have to converse with me: In short, in his Eyes, in his whole Conduct, I plainly read his Love, and his great Generosity in being thus fearful of disclosing it. For he thought in his Circumstances to indulge a Passion for me, and endeavour to make me sensible of it, would be but an ill Return to his Friend for all his Goodness. But this Gratitude and Honour, with which his whole Soul was filled, effected that for him, which they forbid him to attempt; for I caught the Infection, and added Inclination to the great Esteem his Character alone had inspired me with, before I knew him: But the great Care we took on both sides to conceal our Love, made it only the more visible to every judicious Eye. Now *Dorimene* said, she found herself something better; and instead of wishing to be alone, she seemed always inclined to

have us with her. The Marquis *de Stainville's* Joy was inexpressible at her least Appearance of Chearfulness, and for the present he could think of nothing else.

WHILST we were in this Situation, young *Vieuville*, *Dorimene's* Brother, having heard of her ill State of Health, came to pay her a Visit: he was as handsome for a Man, as his Sister was for a Woman, had a remarkable good Understanding, and a lively Wit; all which rendered him perfectly agreeable, and I think it would have been very difficult for any Woman disengaged in her Affections to have resisted his Love. *Dorimene* was so pleased with her Brother's Company, that her Distemper abated every Day; and her fond Husband, seeing how much he contributed to her Amusement, prevailed with him to stay there some time. *Vieuville*, although he loved his Sister very well, and would willingly have done any thing in his power to have served her; yet, in this Case, had another strong Reason to induce him to yield to the Marquis's Request: For, from the first Day of his Arrival, the Effect I had on him was very apparent; he was seized with as sudden and violent a Passion for me, as the Marquis had been for his Sister. This was an unexpected Blow; poor *Dumont* saw it, and yet such was the Force of his unconquerable Virtue, that even the Thoughts of such a Rival, could not provoke him to be guilty of so great a Breach of Friendship, as the endeavouring to gain my Affection, and prevent my being better married. I was so miserable to think what he would feel, if I took any notice of *Vieuville*, that I could hardly prevail with myself to be commonly civil to him, but shunned him with the greatest Assiduity in my power.

ALTHOUGH my Brother did not at first seem at all displeased, at seeing me resolutely bent not to hearken to *Vieuville*, and often dropt Words, how little Fortune should be valued in any tender Engagements; insomuch, that I sometimes fancied he saw and approved *Dumont's* Love: Yet I was not left at liberty to act as I pleased in this Case; for *Dorimene* said,

said, her Brother's Complaints at my avoiding him, pierced her Heart so deeply, that unless I could contrive some Method of making him easy, it would occasion her relapsing into all her former Illness: For that while she saw *Viewville* so miserable, it was impossible for her ever to recover. She took all Opportunities of leaving us together; but notwithstanding his Agreeableness, it was Persecution to me to hear him talk of Love; nor could I think of any thing, but what the Chevalier must necessarily suffer whenever he knew we were together. I often condemned myself for not having before confessed my Love for *Dumont* to my Brother, and asked his Consent to have been for ever joined to his Friend. I had no Reason to suspect he would not have granted it; for I had had Experience enough of him, to know he was not of a Temper to have made us both unhappy for any Gratification of his own Vanity: But I could never bring myself to it, unless *Dumont* had made some open Declaration of his Love. I knew it was now in vain; for the Marquis *de Stainville* was so excessively fond of his Wife, that to have given me to another in open Defiance of her Brother, while she persisted in saying it would make her miserable, was utterly impossible for him ever to consent to.

*DUMONT*'s great Modesty, and bad Opinion of himself, blinded him so far, that he did not even see how much I preferred him in my Choice to *Viewville*. He sometimes indeed fancied I saw his Love, and pitied him; but as it is usual for most Men to have a good Opinion of the Woman they like, he only imputed it to the general Compassion of my Temper. In short, he could not bear to be a Witness of my consenting to be another's; and yet when he looked at my Lover, or heard his Conversation, he did not doubt but that must be the Case: He therefore resolved to quit the Place where he soon expected to see his Misery completed.

He made an Excuse to the Marquis, that he had a Desire to visit his Mother, and with his Consent (for he never pretended a Right to contradict his Friends, because they were obliged to him) set out



in three Days. I shall never forget the Look he gave me when we parted; Goodnature, Tenderneſs, and yet a Fear of Diſpleaſing, were all ſo mixed, that had I not ſeen it, I ſhould have thought it impoſſible for any Perſon, in one Moment, to have expreſſed ſuch various Thoughts.

WHEN he was gone, I could not command myſelf enough to ſit in Company, but got away by myſelf into a ſolitary Walk, where I might be at liberty to give a Vent to my Sorrows, and reflect in what manner I ſhould act, to extricate myſelf out of theſe Difficulties. I reſolved, let what would be the Conſequence, abſolutely to reſuſe *Viewville*; but then I feared, if he ſhould perſiſt in his Love, what my Brother would ſuffer in his Wife's continual Importunities. At laſt it came into my Head to try if he was generous enough to conquer his own Paſſion, rather than be the Cauſe of my being unhappy.

I ACCORDINGLY took the firſt Opportunity that offered of ſpeaking to *Viewville* alone, and told him as he had often profeſſed a great Love for me, it was now in his power to prove whether thoſe Profeſſions were real, or only the Flights of Youth, and the Effect of a warm Imagination; for that my Happineſs or Miſery depended on his Conduct. He began to ſwear, " That he would ſty to obey my " Commands, and ſhould think it the greateſt Pleaſure he was capable of enjoying, to be honoured " with them". I deſired him to hear me out, and told him, that for Reaſons I could not then inform him, it was impoſſible for me ever to marry him, without making myſelf the moſt wretched of all Mortals; and altho' it was indeed in my own power to reſuſe him, yet in Conſideration of his being *Dorimene's* Brother, and that the ſeeing him uneaſy made her ſo, I intreated it as the greateſt Favour of him, immediately to leave me, and return to his Father's which would be the only Means of preventing the whole Family from being miſerable.

HE looked ſome time ſtedfaſtly on me, and then aſked, " If I thought his Love had no ſtronger a  
" Foundation

“ Foundation than to give me up so easily.” As soon as he had spoke these few Words, he left me without waiting for a Reply, with an Indignation in his Countenance, which plainly shewed I had not succeeded in my Scheme; and indeed the Event proved how much I was mistaken, when I had flattered myself with the vain Hope of meeting with any Greatness of Mind from him.

As he saw the only thing which in the least staggered my Resolution was, the Fear of making his Sister uneasy, he went directly to her, and instead of acting as I had desired him, he increased his Complaints, and swore, “ He could never have the least Enjoyment in “ Life, unless she could prevail on me to be less cruel “ to him.” In short, I was his present Passion, and he was very careless what the Consequence of it was to me, provided he could gratify himself. Had I before had any Inclination for him, this would entirely have conquered it; for the Contrast was so great between his Behaviour, and that of the generous *Dumont*, who visibly sacrificed his own Peace to his Love for me, and his Friendship for my Brother, that my Love for the latter increased equally with my Detestation of the former.

As I was sitting in my Chamber the next Morning, musing and reflecting on my own hard Fate; that when I seemed so near my Happiness, such an Accident as this should intervene to throw down all my Hopes, and make me more wretched than ever; my Brother suddenly entered the Room, and seeming eager to speak to me, began by saying, “ Oh *Isabelle*—— “ *Vieuville*——” I had not Patience to let him go on, but interrupted him, crying out, that I would sacrifice my Life at any time for his Service; but if he was come to intercede with me to spend my whole time with a Man whom I must always despise, I could not consent to it. He replied, that this Accident had thrown him into a Dilemma, in which he knew not how to act; that he was going to say, when I interrupted him, that *Vieuville* had destroyed all the fancied Scenes of Pleasure he once imagined he should enjoy, in the Love and Unity of his little Family, for he  
saw

saw the Aversion I had to *this Lover*; and yet his *Dorimene* (whose every Tear pierced his Soul) seemed so resolute to abandon herself to Despair, if her Brother was made unhappy, that either way it was impossible for him to avoid being miserable.

I FANCIED by the Emphasis he laid on some of his Words, that he knew the whole Truth, and was therefore resolved to take this Opportunity of disclosing my Mind to him; and yet a kind of Shame withheld my Tongue; and it was with difficulty, and in broken Accents, I at last pronounced the Word *Dumont*. He stopped me short, and told me there was no occasion for saying any more, for that from the very first, he with Pleasure saw our growing Love: That he had always wished to see me married to the only Man he really esteemed: That indeed, just before the Arrival of *Vieuvville*, his Wife's illness had employed most of his Thoughts; besides, he artfully intended to let his Friend's Passion come to the height, that he might increase his Happiness, by gratifying him when he least expected it. You know, *Isabelle*, continued he, your Fortune of itself is enough to make the Man you love happy; but I always intended a considerable Addition to it; and as *Dumont* is your Choice, should be desirous that we might all continue one Family. This Misfortune of *Vieuvville's* being your Lover, has disconcerted all my Schemes. I was quite overwhelmed with my Brother's Goodness, and almost ready to sacrifice myself to his Wife's humour, rather than he should bear a Moment's Pain. However we separated for that time, and said we would consider and talk farther of it another Day.

BUT Accident soon delivered us out of all our Perplexities, for such sort of Love as *Vieuvville's* is seldom so fixed, but every new Object is capable of changing it; and I verily believe he had lately persisted more, because his Pride was piqued at being refused, than from any Continuance of his Inclination towards me. I shall not dwell long on this Circumstance; but only tell you, there came a young Lady one day to dine with *Dorimene*, who was really one of the greatest Beauties I ever saw; *Vieuvville* was in a moment struck with  
her

her Charms, and she presently made a Conquest of his Heart: she lived very near us, and soon became as enamoured of her new Lover, as he could possibly be of her. She had a great Fortune, which was at her own disposal, and they only defer'd the Celebration of their Nuptials, till he had an Answer to a Letter he wrote his Father: He soon carried his Wife home, and I am certain, he could not have more Joy in the Possession of one of the finest Women ever seen, than I had in being rid of his troublesome Importunities.

Now all my Hopes began to revive again, and there seemed to be no Bar to my Happiness; I pleased myself with the Thoughts of the Raptures *Dumont* would be inspired with, when he found his dear *Stainville* approved his Love. It was not long before my Brother shewed me a Letter from the Chevalier, which I found was written in Answer to one from him just after *Vieuville's* Marriage and Departure, which he had acquainted him with, only as a piece of News. He expressed himself with great Thankfulness for his pressing Invitation to return, and concluded with saying, he should be with him the beginning of the next Week.

WHEN I gave my Brother back his Letter, Words would have been unnecessary, for my Looks sufficiently shewed how much I thought myself obliged to him for thus taking care of my Happiness: we never kept any thing a Secret from *Dorimene*, and the Marquis talked before her of his Intention concerning me and *Dumont*, just as if we had been alone. But I observed she changed Colour, and looked at me with an Air quite different from what she used to have, (for we had always lived together in great Friendship) she at last said, "She supposed this was the reason her Brother had been treated with such Contempt." I thought this might arise from her Pride, because I had refused *Vieuville*, and said all I could to mollify, rather than exasperate her.

I WAS now perfectly easy in my Mind; I had no manner of Doubt, but that my Brother's Goodness would accomplish all my Wishes, without my appearing in the Affair. At the appointed day *Dumont* arrived; the Mourning was out for his Father, he was dressed  
very



very gay, and his Person appeared with all the Advantages in which Nature had adorned him; for altho' he could not be said to be a regular Beauty, yet the mixture of Softness and Manliness, which were displayed in his Countenance, joined to his great Genteelness, justly made him the Object of Admiration.

WHEN he dismounted, my Brother received him at the Gate, and *Dorimene* and I waited for him in the Parlour: he made his Compliments to her with great Respect; but when he came to speak to me, we were both in such Confusion, we could not utter our words. But our common Friend the Marquis, on seeing the same Passion, and the same Resolution to conceal it, continue in the Chevalier, would not leave us long in this anxious Situation; but two Days after *Dumont's* Arrival, took him into a Room by himself, and told him, "He was no Stranger to his Love for his Sister." On which the other, without giving him leave to proceed, replied, "He could not imagine by what Accident he had discovered it; for he would defy any one to say he had ever dropped the least Complaint, notwithstanding all the Misery he had suffered; nor could even the daily, nay hourly Sight of a Person he then thought his successful Rival, extort from him a Confession, which his Gratitude to *such a Friend* forbade him ever to make." My Brother begged him to hear him out, and then said, "My dear *Dumont*, I am so far from accusing you, that had not your Honour been fixed in my Opinion as steadfastly as possibly before, your Behaviour on this Occasion would have been the most convincing Proof imaginable, that altho' our Friendship commenced in our Youth, yet nothing can ever shake or remove it. And by my own Experience, I am so certain there cannot be any Enjoyment equal to that of living with a Person one loves; that I bless my good Fortune, which has put it in my Power to bestow that Happiness on my Sister, and on my Friend. In short, *Isabelle* shall be your's, and I shall have the inexpressible Pleasure of calling you Brother."

DUMONT

*DUMONT* stood for some time like a Statue, no Words could express his Thoughts, nor would the Emotions of his Mind give him leave to speak. The first signs he shewed of any remaining Life, was, when Love, Gratitude, and Joy worked too strongly in his Soul to be contained, and forced their way in gushing Tears. He at last ran and embraced the Marquis, crying out, "You must imagine my Thanks, for I cannot utter them."

AFTER a little more Conversation between the two Friends, my Brother called me down; and as soon as I entered the Room, taking me by the Hand, he led me to the Chevalier, saying, "Here, my Friend, in *Isabelle* I make you a Present which you only are worthy of, and to your Merit I am obliged for the great Pleasure I enjoy, in thinking I have bestowed her, where it is impossible I should ever have any reason to repent my Choice."

It was no Force upon me to give my Hand to *Dumont*; and I did it in such a manner, that he easily perceived my Brother had not disposed of me against my Inclinations. I shall not pretend to describe the Chevalier's Transports, nor repeat all he said on this Occasion; it is sufficient to say, that his whole Behaviour, and every Word he spoke, was yet a stronger Proof of both his Gratitude and Love.

WE now both looked on ourselves as in the Possession of our utmost Wishes; all obstacles to our Happiness seemed to be removed, and the Prospect of passing the rest of my Life with such a Companion, and such a Friend as the Chevalier *Dumont*, indulged me in all the pleasing Ideas imaginable. *Dorimene* heard from her Husband what he had done, seemed to have forgot my Usage of her Brother, and congratulated us with more than usual Sq̃itness on the Occasion.

THE Marquis was impatient to compleat his Friend's Happiness, and appointed a Day for our Marriage. But in the mean time, *Dorimene* was taken so violently ill of a Fever, that her Life was despaired of. My Brother's Distraction on this account, banished from our Minds all other Thoughts, but how to comfort him: *Dumont* had too much Delicacy, and too sincere a regard

gard for his Friend, to think it a proper time to talk of Love, while he was in such Affliction.

THIS Grief, however, was soon dissipated, and Joy succeeded by the Recovery of *Dorimene*. The Day was again appointed for the Celebration of our Nuptials, when on a sudden, the whole Face of Affairs was changed, all *Dumont's* Joy and Chearfulness was vanished, a fixed Melancholy seemed to overspread his Countenance; and now, instead of embracing every Opportunity to converse with me, he shunned me with great Assiduity; and if I unavoidably fell in his way, he fixed his Eyes on mine with such Horror, as perfectly frightened me. He himself on some trifling Excuse, put off our Wedding. *Dorimene* was often in Tears, and seemed relapsing into her former Distemper. This, indeed, we imputed to the Weakness her Fever had left upon her; but my Brother too soon caught the Infection, and his Mind seemed to labour with some Grief, which he could neither perfectly stifle and yet was unwilling to reveal. I observed he went abroad more than usual, and I was often left in the House with only Servants.

ONE Evening when I came into my Chamber, I found a Letter on my Table in an unknown Hand; but how was I surprized to read these Words! "Whatever you do, *Isabelle*, avoid *Dumont*; for the marrying him will certainly prove fatal to you both." Guess, Ladies, what I must feel to have all my Happiness thus suddenly destroyed, and in its place, to see this dreadful Scene of Confusion. Conjectures would have been endless, I could not bring myself to suspect the Chevalier's Honour; besides, what I saw him daily suffer, convinced me there was something very extraordinary at the bottom, which it was impossible for me to fathom. But now, in order to make you understand the remaining Part of my Story, I must go back, and let you into the Cause of this terrible Alteration in our Family, which I afterwards learned from the Mouth of the Person who was the occasion of it. But this I shall defer till to-morrow: For altho' my Resolution has hitherto kept up my Spirits, so as not to interrupt the Narration, and trouble you with what I feel, yet am

I often so racked with the remembrance of past Scenes, that I really grow faint, and am able to proceed no farther at present. *Isabelle* retired for that Evening, with a Promise of coming to them again the next Morning.

SHE left the whole Company very anxious to know the Event of all the Disorder she had described in her Family: But as soon as she had breakfasted the next Day, she gratified their Curiosity, by proceeding as follows:

## C H A P. II.

*The Continuation of the History of Isabelle.*

I INFORMED you at first, that *Dorimene's* having no other Engagement, the Advantage of the Match, and her Father's Commands, were the Reasons which induced her to give her Hand to the Marquis *de Stainville*; his excessive Fondness for her, and making it his whole Study to promote her Happiness, worked so strongly on her Mind, that in return she did every thing in her Power to oblige him, and he flattered himself, that all her Affections were centered in him; nor indeed did she ever seem so much inclined to be pleased with the Admiration of other Men, as the Custom of *France* would even allow her without Censure. But when the Chevalier *Dumont* first told us his Story, she was affected with it to an incredible Degree; whole Days and Nights passed, and she could fix her Thoughts on no other Subject.

THE Tenderneſs he expreſſed for his Mother, his juſtifying his Father, notwithstanding all he ſuffered by his Conduct, with his ſincere Friendſhip for the Marquis her Huſband, worked ſo ſtrongly on her Imagination, that ſhe thought giving way to the higheſt Eſteem for him would be the greateſt Proof imaginable of her Virtue: but it was not long before ſhe was undeceived, for ſhe found her Inclination for the Chevalier was built rather on what we call Taſte, (becauſe we want a Word to expreſs it by) than any  
Approbation



Approbation of his Conduct. The great Agitations of her Mind, between her Endeavours to conquer her Passion, and the continual Fright she was in, lest by any Accident she should discover it, threw her into that lingering Illness which I have before mentioned.

THE Good-nature of the Chevalier *Dumont*, with his Friendship for the Marquis *de Stainville*, led him to use his utmost Endeavours to amuse and divert her; besides, there is always a higher Respect paid by every Man to such Beauty as *Dorimene's*, than what other Women meet with. This, with the Melancholy which then possessed him on my account, sometimes inclined her to flatter herself that their Passion was reciprocal; but then, in a moment, the utmost Horror succeeded, and she resolved rather to die than sacrifice her Virtue, or be guilty of the least Treachery to *such a Husband*. This was the Reason she so often intreated to be alone; for every fresh View of *Dumont* served only to increase her Agony, and at that time she heartily wished to fly the Sight of him for ever.

ALL my Brother's assiduous Cares to please her, only aggravated her Sorrows, as they continually loaded her with Reproaches, for not returning such uncommon, such *tender Love*. However, while she remained often alone, and her Resolution enabled her to deny the Pleasure of seeing the Chevalier, as much as was possible without being rude, she fancied whatever she suffered, she should command herself enough not to transgress the Bounds of Decency, or the Laws of Virtue.

BUT one Evening, when the Marquis prevailed on her by great Entreaties to suffer us all to stay with her, hoping by that means to dissipate her Melancholy, and make her more cheerful; her watchful Eyes (altho' we had never any otherwise than by our Looks disclosed it to each other) found out the Secret of our Love. This overset all her Resolutions, and from that Moment her Torment was so great, whenever she thought we had an Opportunity of being alone, that she resolved to pretend an Amendment in her Health, and put on a Cheerfulness (which was far from her Heart) in order

der to make it probable, that Company was now agreeable to her, and so to keep us always in her Apartment.

BUT her Passions were too violent to be artful, and she could not have continued this long, had not her Brother's Arrival given a new Turn to all our Affairs.

THE suddenness of her Recovery. which the Marquis thought was owing to *Vieuville's* lively Conversation, was really the result of her seeing the Passion I had inspired him with ; she was quite enlivened with the Imagination that this new Lover would make me forget *Dumont* ; and thought her Virtue could stand any Test, but that of seeing him another's. This was the reason she appeared so eager for me to marry *Vieuville* ; and indeed she spoke Truth, when she so often declared, that her own Happiness depended on my returning her Brother's Love. *Dumont's* leaving us at that time still contributed to the fully persuading her that it would be impossible for me to resist the Charms of the young and beautiful *Vieuville* : My obstinately refusing him was such a Disappointment to her Hopes, that at first she could hardly forbear giving vent to her Passions, and quarrelling with me on that account ; but after he was irretrievably married, and she knew it was impossible ever to bring about that Scheme. *Dumont's* Absence, and her own returning Health, enabled her seriously to set about the conquering her Passion ; which in a little time she thought she had so effectually got the better of, that she fancied she could even converse with the Chevalier with great Indifference. My Brother's Extacies on her Recovery were not to be expressed, and he now thought of nothing but compleating his own Happiness, by contributing to that of his Friend's, and letting him experience the Pleasures which arise from delicate and successful Love.

WHEN first *Dorimene* heard of this Design she was a little ruffled, and could not forbear making the Answer I have already related to you ; namely, that she supposed this was the reason her Brother was treated with such Contempt. But however, she carried her Resolution so far, that at last she thought she could bear to see us married with tolerable Patience : and, when every

every thing was concluded on, the Fear, lest she should reveal her real Thoughts, made her Force herself to congratulate us with more Good-humour than I had seen her shew from the time I had refused *Vieuville*. But in that very Instant *Dumont's* Look, and the Return he, made to her obliging Compliment, on the Subject his Soul most delighted in the Thoughts of, awakened all her former Passion; and dreadful Experience taught her, that to his Absence alone she owed all her boasted Philosophy.

THAT very Evening she took to her Bed, and the violent Agitations of her Mind threw her into that Fever, which gave us all so much Affliction, and had like to have cost her her Life; but she recovered of that Distemper of her Body, only to feel that much more terrible one of her Mind. She began to think she had sacrificed enough to Virtue, in what she had already suffered; and when the Idea of *Dumont's* being about to be given to another, forced itself on her Fancy, Rage and Madness succeeded, and all the most desperate Actions appeared as Trifles to her, in comparison of seeing that fatal Day. Sometimes she resolved to tell him of her Love; but then the Sense of her Shame worked so strongly on her, that she abandoned that Thought, and fancied she could suffer the utmost Misery, rather than submit to so infamous an Action. The Remembrance of the Marquis *de Stainville's* unparallel'd Love for her, and the Sense of her Duty to him, for a Moment enabled her to form Resolutions of preferring Death, or, what is yet worse, a Life of Torment to the wronging her Husband.

BUT then immediately *Dumont's* Image presented itself to her Imagination, softened her a little into a Sense of Pleasure, and banished every other Thought from her Mind; but this lasted not long, before the Idea that he must be another's, spitefully intruded itself on her Memory. Horror and Confusion took place of the pleasing Scenes with which she had just before been indulging her Fancy: And then instead of thinking on Arguments to calm her Passion, she turned all her Endeavours to find out what would best excuse it; and pleaded to herself, that she might have been married when  
first

first my Brother saw her ; nay, she might have happened to have been Wife to his best Friend ; and that then, perhaps, he would have found it as difficult to resist the Torrent of his Inclinations, as she now did to subdue her's. The thought of being his Friend's Wife quite overcame her, and Sighs and Tears were her only Relief from these agonizing Reflections.

SHE endured several of these Conflicts within her own Bosom, without any other Consequence attending them, than the Pain she suffered : But when the Day was again fixed for our Marriage, her Passion grew outrageous, overleaped all Bounds, and Honour, Virtue, Duty, were found but shallow Banks, which immediately gave way to the overflowing of the mighty Torrent. Something she was resolved to do, to prevent my marrying *Dumont*, altho' her own, her Husband's, nay, even the Chevalier's Perdition should be the Consequence of the Attempt.

One Morning when the Marquis *de Stainville* was gone out, and I happened to be in my own Chamber, she saw *Dumont* from her Window walking towards that very Grotto, where she had at first beheld him : She stayed till she thought he was seated there, and then followed him ; but such was the Condition of her Mind, that her Limbs had hardly Strength to carry her. As soon as she was come near enough for him to see her, he got up, made her a respectful Bow, and walked toward her. He began to talk to her on some indifferent Subject ; but she did not seem to hear what he said : on the contrary, she suddenly made a full Stop, and stared so wildly round her, that poor *Dumont* began to be frightened, and asked her, if she was ill ? She made him no Answer, but fixed her Eyes on the Ground, as if she had not the Power to move them ; like a Criminal, all pale, trembling, and confused, she stood before him. It was in vain for her to endeavour to give her Thoughts a Vent, for her Body was too weak to bear the violent Combustion of her Mind, and she fainted away at his Feet. He immediately caught her up in his Arms, and called out for Help ; but the House was so far distant, that before he could be heard, she came to herself again ; and in a weak, low Voice begged him to carry her to the Grotto ; where, as soon as she was seated, for want of Strength to speak, she burst into Tears. The good-natured



natured *Dumont* saw her Mind was labouring with something too big for Utterance, and intreated her to tell him if she had any Affliction that he could be so happy to remove; for that the Marquis *de Stainville's* Lady might command him to the utmost of his Power; nor should he think his Life too great a Sacrifice, to serve the Woman, in whom all the Happiness of his Friend was centered.

*DORIMENE* now had gone so far, she was resolved, whatever it cost her, to lay open her Grief to the Chevalier; and after a little Pause replied, "Oh! take care what you say; for to remove the Torment I now daily endure, and ease me of all those Agonies which work me to Distraction, you must sacrifice what, perhaps, is dearer to you than your Life; you must give up *Isabelle*, you must forget the Marquis *de Stainville* was ever your Friend—And, Oh! how shall I have Strength to utter it? my Interest in *Dumont* must be on my own account." When she had pronounced these Words, Shame glowed in Blushes all over her Face, nor did she dare to look up to see in what manner they were received.

*DUMONT* was struck with Horror and Amazement at what he had heard, he could not persuade himself he was awake. The Words, "You must give up *Isabelle*, and forget the Marquis *de Stainville* was ever your Friend," resounded in his Ears, and filled him with such Astonishment, that he had no Force to answer them, and they both remained for some Time in Silence. At last the Chevalier threw himself on his Knees before *Dorimene*, and said, "He could not pretend to be ignorant of the meaning of her Words, for they were but too plain; and he could curse himself for being the Cause (tho' innocently) of her suffering a moment's Pain: But, continued he, I conjure you, Madam, by all the Ties of Virtue and of Honour, to collect all your Force, make use of that Strength of Reason Nature has given you, gloriously to conquer this unfortunate Passion which has seized you, and which, if indulged, must inevitably end in the Destruction of us all. To wrong my Friend—I shudder at the very Thought

“ Thought of it ; and to forego *Isabelle*, just when I  
“ was on the point of possessing her for ever, it is ut-  
“ terly impossible. Oh ! *Dorimene*, recall those wild  
“ Commands, return again to your own Virtue, and do  
“ not think of sacrificing all your future Peace, to  
“ Hopes so guilty, and so extravagant.”

SHE was all Attention while he was speaking ; but every Argument he used, and every Word he spoke, did but inflame her the more, for it was the Pleasure she received from hearing him talk, and the seeing him thus humbly supplicating at her Feet, and not what he said, that made her listen so attentively to him in disclosing her Mind : she had got over the first, and consequently the most difficult Step. She grew every Minute more emboldened, and more lost to all Sense of Shame ; and *Dumont*'s unfortunately mentioning my Name with such Tendernefs, and such a Resolution not to forsake me, enraged her to Madness, and turned her into a perfect Fury. She told him, “ That his *Pretence*  
“ to *Virtue* and *Faithfulness* to his Friend could not im-  
“ pose on her, for she saw the Consideration which  
“ stuck deepest with him, was his Love of *Isabelle*. But,  
“ continued she, I swear by all that's sacred, the Day  
“ you marry her shall be her last ; for with my own  
“ Hands I will destroy her, altho' the Destruction of  
“ Mankind was to be the Consequence of her Death.  
“ Don't imagine I speak in a Passion what I will not  
“ execute, for my Resolution that *Isabelle* shall never  
“ live with you as your Wife, is as strong, and as much  
“ fixed, as the Torments I now feel, and have felt,  
“ ever since I first knew you. Had not I seen your  
“ Affection placed on another, you had never known  
“ my Love ; for till that Misery was added to the rest  
“ I struggled with my Passion, and was resolved to con-  
“ ceal it for ever within my own Bosom : But now you  
“ know it ; and I would advise you to dread the Rage  
“ of a Woman, whose Passions have got so much the  
“ better of her, as to enable her to break through all  
“ the strongest Ties imaginable, and sacrifice every  
“ thing that is most dear to her, to the Impossibility she  
“ finds of resisting her Inclinations. Consider with  
“ yourself, whether or no you can bear to be the Cause  
“ of

“ of *Isabelle*’s Death ; for my Resolution is unalterably fixed, and it is not in the Power of all Mankind to divert my Purpose.” As soon as she had spoke those Words, she got up, and walked hastily from him.

BUT imagine the horrible Situation she left the Chevalier in. Ten thousand various Thoughts at once possessed him, Confusion reigned within his Breast, and whichever way he turned himself, the dismal Prospect almost distracted him. Good God, what was his Condition ! with a Heart bursting with Gratitude towards his Friend, filled with the softest and faithfullest Passion for the Woman he but an Hour before flattered himself he was just upon the point of receiving from the Hands of the Man, who made *his* Happiness necessary to his own, with a Mind which startled at the least Thought of acting against the strictest Rules of Honour. He suddenly found that the Passion his Friend’s Wife was possessed of for him, was too violent to be restrained, and too dangerous to be dallied with ; he could not perceive any Method to extricate himself out of the Dilemma he was thus unexpectedly, unfortunately involved in.

THE first Thing he resolved on, was, whatever happened to him, never to disclose the Secret of *Dorimene*’s Love ; but then to give me up, to abandon all his Hopes, and at the same Time in appearance be ungrateful to my Love, and slight the Marquis’s proffered and generous Kindness, was what he could not bear : and yet such were his anxious Cares for my Safety, that he had fixed it in his Mind, rather to suffer all the most dreadful Torments which human Nature is capable of feeling, than run the least Venture of my Life. Sometimes he flattered himself with the Thoughts that Time and Reason would turn *Dorimene* from her horrid Purpose, and enable her to conquer this unreasonable Passion.

THIS Secret, which I was then a Stranger to, was the Cause of poor *Dumont*’s sudden Alteration, and fixed that Melancholy on him, which I could not then account for.

*DORIMENE*, now the Chevalier was not ignorant of her Love, threw off all Restraint ; she contrived all the Methods possible of sending the Marquis out of the

way,

way, and only sought the Means of meeting *Dumont* alone. It was in vain for him to seek new Walks and Bye-paths in the Labyrinths of a Wood just by our *Villa*, for her watchful Eyes continually found him ; he still persisted in using new Arguments to prevail with her to return her Husband's faithful Love, and change the dreadful Design her Soul was fraught with ; and she on her side was as obstinately bent never to give it up, but with her Life.

IN the mean Time *Pandolph*, who had formerly been a Servant to my Father, and now he was old and past his Labour, was still retained in my Brother's Family, perceived these Meetings of *Dumont* and *Dorimene* in the Wood, and observed they generally happened when his Master was gone out. He was at first very much surprized at it, but was resolved to watch them ; and sometimes he would hide himself near enough to observe they were earnest in Discourse ; but old Age had taken from him the quick Sense of Hearing, and he could not make much of what they said ; only he confusedly heard the Words Love—Passion—the Marquis *de Stainville*—*Isabelle*—and by what he could gather, he fancied he had very convincing Proofs that there was an Intrigue carrying on between them.

THIS poor *Pandolph* foolishly imagined, that officiously to discover to his Master all he had seen, would be at once the most faithful Service he could do him, and the most grateful return in his Power to make him for his Kindness in keeping him in his Family, now he was unable to take any Care of himself. He eagerly embraced the first Opportunity of doing his Master such a *piece of Service*, and minutely told my Brother all that he had seen and heard : and certainly if any Person was ever justly the Object of Compassion, it was the Marquis *de Stainville* at that Instant. His Passions were naturally very violent, and altho' from the time the giving way to them had like to have caused a fatal Accident between him and his Friend, he had taken great Pains to keep himself calm, and prevent its being in the power of any Appearances to make him suddenly give way to Suspicion : yet in this Case, the very Name of his beloved *Dorimene* joined to the Idea of Falshood, raised



such a Tumult in his Breast, and filled his Mind with such Confusion, that all Reason gave way to the present Horror which possessed his Soul ; a Horror greater than Words can describe, or Fancy paint.

HE threw himself on a Bed like one distracted ; repeated the Names of *Dumont* and *Dorimene*, a thousand times ; then started up, and swore they must be innocent, that *Pandolph* had belied them, and he would sacrifice him, for thus disturbing all his Peace, and enraging him to Madness. But then he recollected that *Dumont* had once already on a frivolous Excuse put off our Marriage, that his Wife had lately seemed artfully to contrive to send him out of the way, and ten thousand Circumstances which had passed unheeded at the time of their happening ; such as her sudden and strange Melancholy a little after the Chevalier's Arrival, her vast Eagerness to marry me to *Vieuville*, rushed at once into his Memory, and corresponded so exactly with what *Pandolph* had told him, that he began to be worked into a Belief, it was but too fatally true : And when he had given his Passion some Vent, he at last resolved to stifle, if possible, for the present, any Appearance of his Jealousy, and ordered the old Man to continue to observe all their Motions, and inform him of what he discovered ; who as soon as he had received his Commands, left him.

SUCH a variety of Thoughts crouded into the Marquis's Mind the Moment he found himself alone, that his Perplexity was too great to suffer him to come to any certain Determination. At last he concluded, that if the Chevalier again endeavoured to put off the Marriage, it would be a convincing Proof of the Truth of his Suspicions. And just as he had fixed this Idea in his Thoughts, *Dumont* unfortunately entered the Room for that very Purpose ; which was thus to make him appear guilty in his Friends Eyes, of the most monstrous Ingratitude, and the blackest Treachery imaginable. His manner of speaking was something so confused, and his Mind seemed so disturbed, that indeed it was no wonder, as things then appeared, my Brother's Jealousy should be increased by his Behaviour. He had not spoke three Words before the Marquis, who perceived  
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his Drift, was so inflamed, that he could hear no more ; and interrupting him, hastily said, " there was no occasion for any Excuses, for that he should by no means force him to marry his Sister against his Inclinations." After which without waiting for any Reply, he passed by him, looked at him with so fierce an Air, that his Anger was but too plain, and walked out of the Chamber.

POOR *Dumont* was sensible of his Friend's Resentment, but did not guess the true Cause ; for he imputed it to the Indignity the Marquis must unavoidably think he treated him with, in thus slighting the generous Offer he made him of his Sister. But what must such a Heart as his feel in these unhappy Circumstances ! For although his whole Soul was filled with Gratitude, and nothing could be a greater Torture to him than his Friend's even thinking he had the least Cause to complain of him ; yet in this Case he thought it was impossible to undeceive him without a Breach of his own Honour, and destroying all the Marquis's Happiness, which visibly depended on the continuing his good Opinion of his Wife. Sometimes he resolved to fly the Place, where he unfortunately caused so much Misery, and give up all his future Hopes of Pleasure in possessing the Woman he loved, sacrifice all the Joys of mutual Friendship, and even suffer my Brother to have an ill Opinion of his Honour, in hopes by that means to prevent his being made miserable ; but then the Condition he thought he must leave me in, at being thus neglected and abandoned by the Man I had even gone so far as to confess my Love for, softened his whole Soul, and all his Resolution was lost in Tenderness. In short, Love, Gratitude, Honour, Friendship, and every thing that is most valuable in the human Mind, contended which should have the greatest Power over him, and by Turns exerted themselves in his generous Breast. But he was involved in such a perplexing Labyrinth, that which ever way he turned his Thoughts, he met with fresh Difficulties and new Torments. He found it was impossible for him ever to pretend another Excuse to delay our Marriage ; and yet when he considered *Dorimene's* furious Menaces

ces, his Fears for my Safety would not suffer him to think of it.

AT last it came into his Head, that he must contrive some Method of making the future delaying it, come from me ; and for that Purpose disguising his Hand in such a Manner, that it could not be known, he wrote the Note, which I have already told you I found on my Table. I knew not what to make of it, and was filled with Horror when I read it ; however, it had the desired Effect, for I resolved never to marry the Chevalier *Dumont*, till I was acquainted with the Cause of this sudden, strange Alteration in our Family, and let into the Secret why he now tried, by all ways possible, to shun me.

I ACCORDINGLY told my Brother, that I had changed my Mind, and for the present, at least, would put off all Thoughts of marrying his Friend. He looked stedfastly at me, and said, if I knew any Reason, which concerned him, for altering a Design in which I had appeared so fixed, it was neither acting like a Sister, nor as he deserved from me, to conceal it from him. But before I had Time to make him any Answer, *Dorimene* entered the Room, and put an end to our Discourse.

I GLADLY retired, for I was impatient to be by myself, that I might be at full liberty to make what Reflections I pleased ; but when I came to consider, seriously my Brother's Words, it was impossible for me not to find out that they imported a Suspicion of his Wife and *Dumont*. I presently caught the Infection, and so many glaring Proofs, of the Justice of that Suspicion, immediately presented themselves to my Imagination, that I could hardly refrain going directly to the Chevalier, and upbraiding him with his Treachery ; every new Thought was a fresh Disturber of my Peace, and helped to rack my Mind. However, like my Brother, I resolved if possible, to wait till I was quite convinced, before I would mention what I suspected.

WHAT I had told my Brother, had a violent Effect both on him and *Dumont* ; for to the former it was the strongest Indication imaginable, that I had found out what *Pandolph* had told him to be true ; and though the latter had wrote the Letter himself, which determined  
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me to act in that manner, yet such was the Delicacy of *his Love*, that he could not forbear suspecting my Affections were altered; and the fear that I was disobliged by his late Behaviour, was still a greater Torment than he had yet endured. The thoughts of losing me for ever, caused too strong an Agony for *even his Mind* to bear, and that Idea appeared so very horrible, that the Dread of all Consequences fled before it, and he resolved to secure himself from that Fear by any means whatever, (the forfeiture of his Honour excepted.)

FOR this purpose he went the next Morning into a Chamber, where he knew the Marquis *de Stainville* was alone, and told him he had received a Letter from his Mother, in which she complained of an ill State of Health, and begged him, as the only Comfort she could hope for in this World, that he would bring his Wife, as soon as he was married, to see her; for, continued he, I have already informed her, of the Honour you intend me in giving me *Isabelle*. I have never in my Life disobeyed my Mother, therefore if you will give me leave to marry your Sister to morrow, and carry her immediately home for a little time, it will make me the happiest Man in the World.

MY Brother was at first surprized; but tho' he did not intend this should really happen, yet he in appearance assented, because he had a Purpose to work out of it. *Dumont* eagerly embraced him, and thanked him with Tears in his Eyes, for thus indulging him in all his Wishes. The Marquis's struggling Passions made it almost impossible for him to conceal his Thoughts, and on some pretence of Business he soon left the Chevalier by himself.

Now returning Hope began to cheer his Spirits, and he fancied by this Scheme he should secure me from *Dorimene's* Fury. Nay, he even flattered himself, that Time and Absence would efface those Impressions he had made on her unguarded Heart, and that returning Reason would bring her to a Sense of her Duty, and his Friend might still be happy. He was shocked at perceiving the Marquis's Coldness to him; but this he imputed to the Suspicion he lately might reasonably have, of his neglecting his Sister; and did not doubt



but his future Behaviour to me would soon regain him his Esteem. While he was revolving these things in his Mind, I accidentally entered the Room. I started back at the sight of him ; for from the time I had suspected his Honour, I had avoided all Commerce with him. But he cried out, “ Oh *Isabelle*——don’t fly me thus ; but condescend to spend a few Moments in “ making me happy by your Conversation.” He spoke these Words with such an Air of Tendernefs, that in one Instant he renewed all my former Sentiments for him, and baffled every Resolution I had formed not to hearken any more to his Love. I sat down by him, without knowing what I did, or whither this unreasonable Complaisance would carry me. He seemed as much confused as I was, but at last he told me what he had just concluded with my Brother. This again roused all my Resentment ; Love gave way to Jealousy, and I hastily replied, Whatever he had agreed on with my Brother, I was resolved never to consent to be his Wife, unless he could clear up his late unaccountable Behaviour ; and that I thought after his so long endeavouring to shew his indifference to me, I ought to have been the first Person acquainted with this new Alteration of his Schemes. He paused a Moment, continued to fix his Eyes on mine, with a Look which expressed ten thousand different Sentiments at once ; and then cried out, “ Oh ! don’t let *Isabelle* doubt my Love : Could “ you but know what Torments I have gone through “ whilst you had Reason from Appearances to think “ me guilty ; I am sure your tender Nature would pity “ rather than condemn me. But——Oh ! *Dorimene* !” —The Moment that Name had broke from his Lips, he started——appeared frightened at what he had said, and flew from me with great precipitation.

HE was no sooner gone than my Brother succeeded in his Place ; but he staid no longer than while he could say, “ *Isabelle*, hearken no more to the Chevalier *Dumont*, resolve not to marry him ; Time shall unfold “ to you the Reasons of this Request.” And then he also fled my Sight as hastily as *Dumont* had done the Minute before.

WHAT a Condition was I in ! what could I think !  
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my Brother, *Dorimene, Dumont*; all seemed involved in one common Madness; and I knew not to whom to disclose my Griefs: However I was resolved for the present absolutely to avoid marrying *Dumont*; and as I met him again alone that Evening, told him he must entirely give up that Design for some time at least, or he would force me to take a Resolution never to see him more.

As soon as my Brother had left *Dumont*, he went to his Wife, and told her, "that to-morrow he was to compleat his Friend's Happiness, by for ever joining him to *Isabelle*." This he did to see in what manner she would behave on such a trying Occasion.

*DORIMENE*, who was all Passion, and who really had but little Art, easily swallowed the Bait, and told him, "she thought he ought to consult his own Honour, and not to dispose of his Sister so rashly, to a Man who had visibly slighted her."

THE Marquis was all on fire, to see in what manner she took it, and could not forbear saying, "that in all likelihood her own Inclination might be satisfied in the Separation of *Isabelle* from *Dumont*." And he then came directly to me and uttered the Words I have already repeated to you.

BUT so intoxicated was *Dorimene* with the Violence of her Passion, that she at present gave but little Attention to any thing her Husband said; nor did she need the Information he had given her concerning our Marriage: for she so narrowly watched *Dumont*, that she was never ignorant of any one step he took, and by hearkening at the Door had overheard all the last Conversation between him and the Marquis *de Stainville*. She hid herself when he quitted the Room, but again replaced herself within hearing, when I entered it: but it is impossible to describe her Rage, when she fancied she heard him say enough to let me into a Secret which she had extorted a Promise from him never to reveal.

FROM the time my Brother had first suspected his Wife, he had never lain at Home; but pretending that change of Air was conducive to his Health, said, "he lay at a Tenant's about two Miles off; but indeed

“ he was always within such a Distance, that *Pandolph* “ could bring him home in five Minutes.” He set him to watch all his Wife’s Motions ; but he hitherto could never give him any farther Account, but that she continued still at times to meet the Chevalier in the Wood.

BUT this Evening, as soon as he was gone from the Door, and as *Dumont*’s uneasy Reflections on what I had said, together with his Resolution of avoiding *Dorimene*, made him resolve to confine himself to his Chamber : she grew perfectly past all Sense of Shame, and was resolved to follow him even thither, rather than not to speak to him that Night, and inform him that she was not ignorant of his Purpose, nor should he execute it without her fulfilling hers.

THE Agitations of my Mind made me feign Sickness for an Excuse to retire early into my own Room, so that there was no Obstacle in her way to obstruct her Designs. Every step she took added new Horror to her Thoughts, and increased her Torment ; and yet such was the Force of her irresistible Passion, that she was led on in spite of all the Remonstrances of her Reason to the contrary.

THE watchful *Pandolph*, the moment he saw her open *Dumont*’s Chamber-door, ran to inform his Master. The Marquis flew on the Wings of Rage and Jealousy, and arrived in less time than could be thought possible for the Distance of the Place to allow. At his Entrance into the Chamber, he was struck with the sight of *Dorimene* drowned in Tears, sitting by the Chevalier on his Bed, and holding him by the Hand. This was no time for Reason to bear any sway ; ten thousand tumultuous Passions at once possessed his Soul, and he obeyed the Dictates of his Rage, by suddenly drawing his Sword, and burying it in the Body of the poor unhappy injured *Dumont*.

THE Action was so quick, that *Dorimene* did not perceive her Husband’s fatal Purpose before he had executed it : But when she saw *Dumont*’s gushing Blood, her Horror and Despair took from her all Solitude for her own Safety ; and she immediately cried out, “ Oh ! “ *Stainville*--what have you done ! you have murdered  
“ the

“ the faithfullest friend that ever Man was blessed with.  
 “ *Dumont* is innocent, and I am the only guilty Person ;  
 “ I have persecuted him with my Love, my furious  
 “ Threats of *Isabelle*’s Life, have caused all the appea-  
 “ rance of his neglecting her ; but no Temptation could  
 “ make him once think of wronging his Friend. If a-  
 “ ny remaining Rage yet possesses you, point it at her  
 “ who only deserves it ; but if Pity succeeds the Fury  
 “ in your Breast, let that induce you to shorten my  
 “ Torments by ending my Life, and let me not linger  
 “ in the Hell which at this Instant I feel.”

THE moment she had said enough to open my Brother’s Eyes on *Dumont*’s Innocence, he turned all his Thoughts on him, and let his Wife talk on unheeded. He stood for a Moment motionless, with his Eyes fixed on *Dumont*’s Face ; where he sufficiently saw a Confirmation of all *Dorimene* had said. Then he threw himself on his Knees at the Chevalier’s Bed-side, and gave him such a Look as would have pierced a heart of Stone. It so totally subdued *Dumont*, who too visibly perceived his Repentance, and easily conceived all those inward Horrors which distracted his Soul ; that with a Look full of Compassion only, he reached out his Hand to him, and said, “ My Friend, I die well pleased, if you are  
 “ convinced that even *Dorimene*’s Beauty could not  
 “ tempt me to wrong your generous Friendship. But I  
 “ grow faint ; indulge me in one last view of my *Isa-  
 “ belle*.”——*Stainville* started up at the Word faint, flew to send for a Surgeon—ordered the Servants to force *Dorimene*, who was raving like a mad Woman, to her Chamber ; then ran to me, and trembling with Horror, said, “ Come, *Isabelle*, view your Lover at  
 “ his last Gasp, and behold the guilty hands which  
 “ have executed the dreadful Dictates of Rage and Jealousy.”

I FOLLOWED him, not knowing whether I stood on Earth or Air, (for we ran so swiftly, that we seemed to fly) till we came to the Place where I was to be shocked with a Spectacle that surpasses all Imagination, and be only convinced of *Dumont*’s Fidelity, at a time when I was just going to lose him for ever. All the Methods we could try to stop the Blood, proved ineffectual. I



could not speak, but sat down by him, dissolved in Tears, and almost choaked with my swelling Grief.

My Brother continued to beg Forgiveness of the Chevalier; and in broken Accents, told us how *Pandolph* had raised his Jealousy, and by what Steps it had been brought to such a height as to deprive him of his Reason, and tempt him to an Action he would now give the World to recall, and with pleasure sacrifice his own Life, could he but prolong his Friend's for one Hour. Poor *Dumont* was so weak he could not speak much; but yet he would exert himself to tell me on what account he himself had written the forementioned Letter, with the Effect my Behaviour had on his Mind; and then cried out, "Oh! *Isabelle*, cherish my Memory! And you my dear *Stainville*, forgive yourself as heartily as I do: Consider, the Appearances of my Guilt were so very strong, that it was impossible for you to avoid this fatal Jealousy. I am too weak to utter more; altho' to see you both look on me with such Tenderness, would make me wish to prolong this Moment of Eternity." Here his Strength failed him and with his Eyes fixed on us, and with the Words *Stainville*—and *Isabelle*—lingering on his dying Lips, he expired in our Arms; and left us for the present, almost in the same Condition with himself. But he was for ever past all Sense of his Misfortunes; whilst returning Life brought us back to the Remembrance of our Miseries. My Brother embraced the dead Body of his Friend, swore he would never part from it; and at last started up, like one distracted, caught hold of his Sword, and cried out, "Thou fatal Instrument of hellish Jealousy, which hast made this dreadful Havock in *Dumont's* faithful Breast, now end my Torments, and revenge my Friend." In saying this, he fell on his Sword, whilst I was vainly running to prevent him. The Blow missed his Heart; but the Effusion of Blood was so great, that he instantly fainted, and I thought him dead.

In that dreadful Moment a Servant, who had lived with me from my Infancy, from the Noise and Hurry which was in the House upon *Dorimene's* being carried by Force into her Apartment, and the sending for

for a Surgeon, fearing what might have happened, was coming to seek me. She entered the Room just as my Brother fell on his Sword, and saw me fall down by him. She then immediately called for Help, and carried me senseless, and seemingly dead, from this Scene of Horror. I fell from one fainting Fit to another for the whole Night; and, in every short Interval, resolved not to survive this double Loss, as I then apprehended it, of my Brother and *Dumont* at once.

EARLY in the Morning *Dorimene's* Woman came into my Chamber, and begged me, in all the most persuasive Terms she could think on, to come to see her Mistress, who appeared in all the Agonies of Death, and incessantly called on my Name. I was so weak I could hardly walk, and had such an Indignation against the Woman who had caused this terrible Catastrophe, that I at first thought nothing should prevail on me ever to see her more: But at last, when I was told she seemed very eager to impart to me something of great Importance, I suffered them to lead me into her Apartment. She desired me to sit down but for a few Moments, for that she had already revenged me on herself, by swallowing the very Poison she had before prepared for me. She then told me the whole Story of her irresistible Passion, and concluded with saying, "I don't expect, "*Isabelle*, you should forgive me; for it is impossible you should ever forget the irreparable Injury "I have done you: But yet give me Leave to say, "that, notwithstanding all you feel, it is impossible "for you, who are innocent, to have any Idea adequate to my Torments, who have the intolerable Load of Guilt added to all my other Afflictions". The word *Guilt* filled her with such Horror, that I had no Opportunity of making her any Reply; for, from that Instant, she was insensible of every thing that was said to her, and died in three Hours.

THE Surgeon who had been sent for by my Brother, in hopes of his helping *Dumont*, came soon enough to give *Him* that Assistance, which the poor Chevalier

Chevalier could not receive. The Wound he had given himself was not a mortal one, tho' very dangerous; but the great Difficulty was to bring him to think of suffering Life, and to quiet the Agony his Mind was in. This surpassed the Surgeon's Art; but Religion did that, which no human Help could have done. An Ecclesiastick of uncommon Piety, who had been long my Brother's Confessor, came to attend him upon this Occasion. He so strongly represented to him the Danger his Soul would be in, if, to the other unfortunate Effects of his Passion, he added Self-murder: He so pathetically enforced to him the Duty of composing his Thoughts, in order to turn them to Heaven, and of assisting his Cure as much as lay in his own power, that he might live to atone, by Repentance and Virtue, for the rash Action he had committed; that these pious Arguments brought him to a calmer Temper of Mind; and, being naturally of a strong Constitution, he was by degrees entirely recovered. The Tendernefs he felt for me, contributed also to the saving his Life; for as soon as I knew there were any Hopes of him, (which were not till after I had taken my last Farewel of his wretched Wife) I flew to his Chamber, and never left his Bed-side during his Illness; tho' my Grief for *Dumont* was so violent, that nothing less than my Care for my Brother's Life could have supported my Spirits under such an Affliction, or have hindered my following him to the Grave. And, indeed, the Day he was buried, I had like to have died: But it pleased God to preserve me beyond my own Strength, and to make me a Means of preserving the unfortunate *Stainville*.

WE had some great Friends at Court, to whom I applied so effectually, setting forth the strong Appearances by which he had been deceived, that they obtained his Grace of the King; no Friend of *Dumont's* having appeared to solicit against me: For, in truth, my Brother was so much an Object of Compassion to all Men, that none could think of desiring to punish him more than he had punished himself.

I DURST not acquaint him with the tragical End of his Wife, till his Health seemed to be fully restored; and, even then, I would have concealed from him the shocking Circumstance of her having poisoned herself, but he was unluckily told it by her Servant. This extremely affected him, and joined to the Horror he felt for the Death of *Dumont*, threw him into so deep a Melancholy, that he talked of nothing but renouncing the Pardon we had obtained for him, delivering himself up to all the Rigour of the Law, and dying upon a Scaffold, the better to expiate the Death of his Friend. But, at last, the religious Impressions his Mind had received, got the better of all other Sentiments: He took a sudden Resolution to quit the World, and turn *Carthusian*, having first made over all his Estate, in equal Proportions, to me and the Mother of poor *Dumont*.

I WOULD have also gone into a Nunnery, and resigned the Whole to her; but all my Relations were so averse to it, and begged me so earnestly to continue among them, that I gave way to their Sollicitations. One of them, who was my Aunt by the Mother's Side, and had some of her Husband's Family settled in *England*: She proposed to carry me thither, that I might remove from the Scene of my Misfortunes. I went with her; but my ill Fate pursued me: We had not been in *London* a Week, before she caught the Small-pox and died. Having myself never had that Distemper, I was obliged to quit the House she was in, and came to lodge here.

As soon as I have settled some Affairs, which she had in this Country, I shall return into *France*, and execute my former Intention of taking the Veil; a religious Life being the only Relief to such Sorrows as mine.

HERE *Isabelle* ceased, and it was some time before any of the Company could make her an Answer: At last *David* cried out, "How unhappy am I to meet  
" with a Person of so much Merit under a Sorrow, in  
" which it is impossible for me to hope to afford her the  
" least Consolation!" *Cynthia*, and the rest of the Company, thanked *Isabelle* for informing them of her Story;  
and



and said, if they had thought what her Grievs were, they would not have asked her to have put herself to the pain, her obliging them must unavoidably have cost her.

“ALAS, replied *Isabelle*, had my Sorrows been less piercing, perhaps, I should not have had Resolution enough to have related them ; but the Excess of my Affliction has made me so entirely give up the World, that the Despair of any future Enjoyments, and the very impossibility I find of ever meeting with any Consolation, has in some measure calmed me, and prevents those violent Agitations of the Mind, which, whatever People may fancy, are always owing to some latent Hope of Happiness?”

THIS whole Company were so sensible that *Isabelle* was in the right, in her Resolutions of retiring from a World, in which it was impossible for her to meet with any thing worth her Regard, after what she had lost, that they did not attempt to dissuade her from it. And as soon as she had settled her Aunt's Affairs as she thought necessary, she took her Leave of them, and returned to *France*.

THIS tragical Story left very melancholy Impressions on all their Minds, and was continually the Subject of their Conversation, during two or three Days after *Isabelle*'s Departure. At which time the Weather being fine, and their Minds in a Humour to enjoy the being on the Water, they proposed spending a Day there for their Amusement. But these Adventures must be reserved for another Chapter.

### C H A P. III.

*Containing such a Variety, as makes it impossible to draw up a Bill of Fare, but all the Guests are heartily welcome ; and I am in Hopes every one will find something to please his Palate.*

THE next fine Day was embraced by *David* and his Companions, to execute their Purpose of going upon the River : And the Water, “ever Friend to Thought,” with the dashing of the Oars, and the quick

quick Change of Prospect, from where the Houses, at a little distance, seem by their Number and Thickness to be built on each other, to the Fields and rural Scenes, naturally threw them into a Humour to reflect on their past Lives : and they fell into a Conversation on human Miseries, most of which arise from the Envy and Malignity of Mankind ; from whence arose a Debate amongst them, which had suffered the most. The two gentlemen agreed, that *Cynthia* and *Camilla*'s Sufferings had exceeded theirs ; but *David* said, " He thought "*Camilla*'s were infinitely beyond any thing he had " ever heard." *Valentine* replied, " That, indeed, he " could not but own her Afflictions were in some respects " more violent than *Cynthia*'s : but then, she had enjoyed some Pleasures in her Life . for, till she was " eighteen, she was happy : whilst poor *Cynthia* had " been teased and vexed ever since she was born : And " he thought it much worse to live continually on the " Fret, than to meet with one great Misfortune ; for " the Mind generally exerts all its force, and rises against things of Consequence, while it is apt by the " Neglect of what we think more trifling, to give way, " and be overcome." *Cynthia* and *Camilla* said, " That " indeed, they had always thought their own Misfortunes " as great as human Nature could bear, till they had " heard poor *Isabelle*'s Story."

As they were thus engaged in this Discourse, they perceived, at a little distance from them, the River all covered with Barges and Boats of various Sizes ; and, on Enquiry, found the Cause of it was, to see six Watermen, who were rowing to *Putney* for a Coat and Badge. Minds, so philosophical as their's, immediately reflected how strong a Picture this Contention of the six Boys is of human Life ; the Eagerness with which each of them strove to attain this great Reward is a lively Representation of the Toils and Labours Men voluntarily submit to, for the Gratification of whatever Passion has the Pre-  
dominancy over them. " But these poor Fellows, said "*Cynthia*, have in view what they really want, and " justly think of the Value of the Prize, which will " be of real use to them ; whilst most of the things " we see People so eager in the pursuit of, have no o-  
" ther

“ther good in them, but what consists chiefly in  
“Fancy.

“COULD the ambitious Man succeed in all his  
“Schemes, if he would seriously consider the many  
“Toils and Hazards he has gone through to come at  
“this beloved Height and Grandeur, he certainly must  
“conclude, the Trouble greatly overweighed the Gain :  
“For the Top of the Pinacle, to attain which he  
“has spent all his Time, and watched so many anxious  
“Nights, is so narrow, and has so small a footing, that  
“he stands in continual Danger, and fear of falling :  
“for thousands of others, who are just as *wise as him-*  
“*self*, and imagine the Place he stands in the only one  
“they can be happy in, are daily leaving their own firm  
“Footing, *climbing and catching* to pull him down in  
“order to place themselves in his *tottering*, and, in my  
“Opinion, dreadful Situation. Or when the avarici-  
“ous Man has heaped up more Money than an Arith-  
“metician can easily count, if he would own his restless  
“State of Mind to gain yet more, and the Perturbation  
“of his Thoughts, for fear of losing what he has at-  
“tained, I believe no poor Man in his Senses would  
“change his Situation with him. But I fear I am  
“growing too serious.”—On which *Valentine* re-  
plied, “it was impossible but that what she said must  
“be pleasing to all the Company.” And *David* with  
a Sigh said, “He wished all the World would imitate  
“these *Watermen*, and fairly own when they were row-  
“ing against each other’s Interest, and not treacherously  
“pretend to have an equal Desire of promoting others  
“Good with their own, while they are under-hand  
“acting to destroy it.”

As they were talking, on a sudden Boat which passed  
hastily by them splashed them in such a manner, they  
were obliged to get into a House, in order to refresh  
and dry themselves; and during their stay there, they  
heard a doleful crying, and dismal Lamentation in the  
next Chamber; and sometimes they thought they heard  
the Sound of Blows. *David*, according to his usual  
Method, could not be easy without inquiring what  
could be the Cause of this Complaint. *Valentine* and  
the rest were also desirous to be informed. On which  
they

they agreed to go into the Room whence the Noise came.

THERE sat at one Corner of the Room a middle-aged Woman, who looked as if she had been very handsome, but her Eyes were then swelled with crying. By her stood a Man, looking in the utmost Rage, clinching his *Fist* at her, as if he was ready every Moment to strike her down. *Camilla*, at *David's* Request, presently went up to her, and desired to know of her what it was that had put the Man into such a Passion with her. The Woman, in the softest Voice, and mildest Tone imaginable, replied, as follows: " You are very good, Madam, to take so much Notice of the Miseries of such a *poor Wretch* as I am ; I really cannot tell what it is that continually throws my Husband (for so that Man is) into such violent Rages and Passions with me. I have been married to him ten Years, and till within this half Year, we always lived together very happily ; but now I dare not speak a Word, lest he should beat and abuse me, and his only Pleasure seems to be the contradicting me in every thing he knows I like — What this Usage proceeds from, or how have I displeased him, I cannot find out, for I make it my whole Study to obey him."

*DAVID* immediately turned to the Man, and begged him not to abuse his Wife in such a manner. If he had taken any thing ill of her, it would be better to let her know it, and then he did not doubt, but she would behave otherwise. But he could get no other Answer from the Man, than that he was resolved not to be made such a *Fool of*, as Neighbour such-a-one was by his Wife : for tho' perhaps he had not so much Sense as he in some respects, yet he was not so great a *Fool*, as to give way to a *filly Woman's Humours* neither, but could tell how to govern his Wife. *Cynthia* and the rest of the Company joined in intreating the Man to use his Wife better ; but as they found all Endeavours vain, for that the Man *abused* her only because he would not be made a *Fool of*, they left them.

As they were going home, *David* could not help talking of this last Scene ; and trying if any of the Company could find out any Reason for this Fellow's



low's Behaviour. *Camilla* said, " She fancied she  
 " guess'd the Cause of it; for she remembered, when  
 " she lived at home with her Father, a Gentleman  
 " who used to come often to their House, and  
 " who made a very good Husband, but from the  
 " time he saw her Father's extravagant Passion for  
 " his Wife, he rejoiced in the Thought that he had  
 " found out a Weakness in him, and therefore took  
 " a Resolution to have a Superiority over him, at  
 " least in one *Point*, and hence grew so *morose*, so  
 " *sour* to his Wife, that he contradicted her in every  
 " thing she said, or did; saying, she should not make  
 " such a *Fool* of him, as *Livia* did of her Husband.  
 " Now, continued she, I think this Instance  
 " something like this Fellow's Behaviour. On the  
 " other hand, I knew several others who imitated  
 " my Father, and by awkward Pretences to a Passion  
 " they were not susceptible of, made the most  
 " ridiculous Figures imaginable. I never shall forget  
 " one Man, who was but in a middling Station in  
 " Life, but, however, in the Country, he and  
 " his Wife often dined and supped at our House;  
 " they lived together without any Quarrels or Disputes,  
 " and each performed their separate Business with  
 " Cheerfulness and Good-humour, and they were  
 " what the World calls a *happy Couple*. But  
 " after my Father brought *Livia* home, and behaved  
 " to her in the manner before related, this Man took  
 " it into his head that he also must be the *fond Husband*,  
 " and consequently *humoured* his Wife in every  
 " thing, till he made her perfectly *miserable*; for  
 " she grew too *delicate* to be happy, and was so  
 " whimsical, it was impossible to please her. For I  
 " have always observed, it requires a very good Understanding  
 " to bear great Indulgence, or great Prosperity,  
 " without behaving ill, and being ridiculous:  
 " For grown up People, as well as Children, when  
 " they are too much humoured, cry and are *miserable*,  
 " because they don't know what they would  
 " have".

CYNTHIA smiled at *Camilla's* Account of this fond  
 Husband, and said, " She could easily believe, that a  
 " strong

“ strong Affectation of Sense, and a Desire to be  
“ thought wise, might lead People into the most pre-  
“ posterous Actions in the World : For, continued  
“ she, I once knew a Woman, whose Understand-  
“ ing was full good enough to conduct her through  
“ all the Parts she had to act in Life, and who was  
“ naturally of so calm a Disposition, that, while she  
“ was young, I thought her formed to be the hap-  
“ piest Creature in the World. And yet this Wo-  
“ man was continually unhappy ; for she acciden-  
“ tally met with those two Lines of *Congreve’s* in  
“ the *Double Dealer* :

“ *If Happiness in Self-content is plac’d,*

“ *The Wise are wretched, and Fools only Bless’d.*

“ And from that Moment took up a Resolution of  
“ never being *contented* with any thing : And I have  
“ really known her, when any trifling thing has gone  
“ otherwise than she would have it, strut about the  
“ Room like a Heroine in a *Tragedy*, repeating the  
“ forementioned Lines, and set herself down perfectly  
“ satisfied with her own *Parts*, because she found  
“ she could with *Art* raise an Uneasiness and Vexa-  
“ tion in her own Mind. For as People who really  
“ have Sense, employ their Time in lowering all Sen-  
“ sations which they find give them Pain ; so Per-  
“ sons who are so *wise*, as to think all Happiness  
“ depends on, the *Reputation* of having an *Under-*  
“ *standing*, often pay even the Price of continual  
“ *Fretting*, in order to obtain this their *imaginary*  
“ *Good*. And the human Mind is so framed, that  
“ I believe no Person is so void of Passion, or so  
“ perfectly exempt from being subject to be uneasy  
“ at Disappointments, but by frequently giving way  
“ to being discomposed at Trifles, they may at last  
“ bring themselves to such a Habit of teasing and  
“ vexing themselves, as will in the end appear per-  
“ fectly natural”.

VALENTINE hearkened with the utmost Joy and  
Attention to every word *Cynthia* uttered. *Camilla*  
perfectly agreed with her in her Sentiments, and *Da-*  
*vid*

*vid* could not forbear expressing a great Uneasiness that Mankind should think any thing worthy their serious Regard, but real Goodness. Nothing more worth remarking happened to them that Day; they spent the Evening in a Conversation on *Isabelle's* Misfortunes, which dwelt strongly on poor *David's* Mind; and the next, being very wet Weather, they resolved to stay at home.

*CYNTHIA*, who always employed her Thoughts in what manner she could best amuse her Company, proposed the telling them a Story she knew of two young Ladies while she was abroad. And as every Person of this Party delighted in hearing her talk, and expressed their great Desire she would relate it, she without any Ceremony began what will be seen in the next Chapter.

#### C H A P. IV.

*Containing some small Hints, that Mens Characters in the World are not always suited to their Merit, notwithstanding the great Penetration and Candour of Mankind.*

THERE were two young *English* Ladies at *Paris*, with a married Lady of their Acquaintance, who were celebrated for their Beauty throughout the whole Town; one of them was named *Corinna*, and the other *Sacharissa*: And notwithstanding they were Sisters, yet were they as perfectly different in both Person and Temper, as if they had been no way related. *Corinna* was tall, well proportioned, and had a Majesty in her Person, and a Lustre in her Countenance, which at once surprized and charmed all her Beholders. Her Eyes were naturally full of Fire; and yet she had such a Command of them, that she could lower their Fierceness, and turn them into the greatest Softness imaginable, when ever she thought proper: She spoke in so many different Turns of Voice, according to what she desired to express, and had such various Gestures in her Person, that it might truly be said, in her was found

found "Variety in one". In short, the constant Flow of Spirits, which the Consciousness of an unlimited Power of pleasing supplied her with, enabled her in the most ample manner to execute that Power.

SACHARISSA's Person was very well made, and in her Countenance was a great Sweetness. She spoke but seldom; but what she said was always a Proof of her good Understanding. Her manner was grave, and reserved, and her Behaviour had something of that kind of Quietness, and *Stillness* in it, which is often imputed by the injudicious to a *want of Spirit*. In short, notwithstanding her Beauty and Good-sense, she wanted those little ways of setting off her Charms to the best advantage, which *Corinna* had to the greatest perfection; and quite contrary to her Sister, from her great Modesty, and fear of displeasing, often lost Opportunities of gaining Lovers, which she otherwise might have had.

THESE two Ladies set out in the World with very different Maxims: *Corinna's* whole delight was in *Admiration*; she proposed no other Pleasure, but in first gaining, and then keeping her Conquests; and she laid it down as a certain Rule, that few Mens Affections were to be kept by any other Method, than that of sometimes endeavouring to vex and hurt them: For that Difficulty and Disappointments in the Pursuit were the only things that made any Blessing sweet, and gave a relish to all the Enjoyments of Life.

HER Conversation, when she was only amongst Women, continually ran on this Subject; she used to try to prove her Assertion, by every thing she met with: If she went into a Room adorned with all the different Arts invented by Mankind, such as *Painting*, *Sculpture*, &c. she would always ask her Sister, "whether she thought if that Room was her own Property, and she might make use of it whenever she pleased, it would not become perfectly indifferent to her; the Beauties of it fade in her Eyes, and all the Pleasure be lost in the Custom of seeing it?" Nay, she said, "She believed Variety would make the plainest Building, or the homeliest Cottage sometimes a more agreeable Sight".

SACHARISSA



SACHARISSA could not help agreeing with her in this, and then *Corinna* had all she wanted. “Why then, said she, should we expect Men to go from the common Rule of Nature in our favour; and if we will satiate them with our Kindness, how can we blame them for the natural Consequence of it, *viz.* their being tired of us? Health itself loses its Relish to a Man, who knows not what it is to be sick, and Wealth is never so much enjoyed, as by one who has known what it is to be poor; all the Pleasures of Life are heightened by sometimes experiencing their contrary. Even *Fewel* burns the stronger for being dashed with cold *Water*. But then indeed we ought to have Judgment enough not to throw *too much*, lest we extinguish, instead of increasing the *Flame*. We must examine the different Tempers of Men, and see how much they will bear, before we attempt the dealing with them at all”.

IN this manner would she run on for an Hour together. On the other hand, *Sacharissa* had no Levity in her Temper, and consequently no Vanity in having Variety of Lovers. The only Pleasure she proposed in Life, was that of making a good Wife to the Man she liked, by which means she did not doubt, but she should make a good Husband of him; and used often to say, “that as she did not value having many Admirers, she did not fear, but an honest plain Behaviour would fix the Affections of one worthy Man. But if her Sister was in the right, and no Man was to be dealt with, but by using Art, and playing Tricks, she could content herself very well to live all her Life-time a single Woman: For she thought the Love of a Man which was to be kept that way, was not worth having. Nay, she resolved to make that Trial of a Man’s Goodness, that whenever she liked him, she would tell him of it; and if he grew cold upon it, she should think she was happily delivered of such a Lover”. *Corinna* laughed, and told her, “she might tell a Man she liked him, provided she would  
“but

“but now and then be *cold enough* to him, to give him a small Suspicion and Fear of losing her”.

SACHARISSA was as much talked of for her Beauty, by those who had only seen them in publick, as her Sister; but amongst the Men who visited them, *Corinna* had almost all the Lovers: She had six in a Set of *English* Gentleman, who generally kept together the whole time they were at *Paris*; whose Characters, as every two of them were a perfect Contrast to each other, I will give you before I go any farther.

THE Gentleman whose Character I shall begin with, had the Reputation, amongst all his Acquaintance, of being the most *artful Man* alive; he had very good Sense, and talked with great Judgment on every Subject he happened to fall upon: But he had not learned that most *useful Lesson* of reducing his Knowledge to Practice; and whilst every body was suspecting him, and guarding against those very *deep Designs* they fancied he was *forming*, he, who in reality was very credulous, constantly fell into the Snares of People who had not half his Understanding. He could not do the most indifferent Action, but all the *wise Heads*, who fancy they prove their *Judgments*, by being *suspicious*, saw something couched under that apparent Simplicity, which they said was hid from the *injudicious* and unwary Eye. I have really seen People, when they have been repeating some Saying, or talking of a Transaction of his, Hum——and Ha——for half an Hour, and put on that Look, which some People are *spiteful* enough to call *dull*; whilst others are so excessively *good natured*, as to give it the Term of *serious*, only to consider what great Mystery was concealed under such his *Words* or *Actions*.

THE poor Man led a miserable Life from being thus reputed to have *Art*: That open Generosity of Temper, which for my part I thought very apparent in him, was generally esteemed only to be put on, in order to cover those cunning Views he had continually before his Eyes. Thus, because he did not talk *like a Fool*, he must act like a *Villain*, which in my Opinion is the falsest Conclusion imaginable; and

and as a Proof of it, I will let you into the Character of a Man, who was in every respect perfectly opposite to the other.

THIS Person's Understanding was but very small; the best things he said were *trite*, and such as he had picked up from others; he had the Reputation in the World of a very *filly Fellow*, but of one who had *no harm* in him. Whereas in reality he spent his whole time in laying *Plots* which way he might do the most *Mischief*. And as things in this World, even of the greatest Consequence, sometimes turn on very small Hinges, and his Capacity was exactly suited to the Comprehension and Management of *Trifles*; he often succeeded in his pernicious Schemes better than a Man of Sense would have done, whose Ideas were more enlarged, and his Thoughts so much fixed on great Affairs, that small ones might frequently have escaped his Notice.

I LOOK upon the difference between a Man who has a real Understanding, and one who has a little low Cunning, to be just as great as that between a Man who sees clearly, and one who is purblind. The Man to whom Nature has been so kind, as to enable him to extend his Views afar off, often employs his Thoughts and raises his Imagination with a beautiful distant Prospect, and perhaps he over-looks the *Shrubs* and *Rubbish* that lie just before him; which notwithstanding, are capable of throwing him down, and doing him an Injury: Whilst the Man who is *purblind*, from the Impossibility he finds of seeing farther, is in a manner forced to fix his Eyes on nearer Objects, and by that means often escapes the Falls, which those who neglect the little Stumbling-Blocks in their way are subject to. In this case I fancy it would be thought very ridiculous, if the one who walked steadily, because he can only see what is just under his Feet, should swear the other has no Eyes, because he sometimes makes a false step, while he is wandering over, and delighting himself with the Beauties of the Creation.

BUT let Mankind divide Understanding or Sense (or whatever they please to call it) into ever so many  
Parts

Parts, or give it ten thousand different Names, that every one may catch hold of something to flatter themselves with, and strut and look big in the fancied Possession of; I can never believe but that he who has the quickest Apprehension, and the greatest Comprehension, will always judge best of every thing he attends to. But the Mind's Eye (as *Shakespeare* calls it) is not formed to take in many Ideas, no more than the Body's many Objects at once; and therefore I should not at all wonder to see a Man, who was admiring the Beauties of the rising Sun, and greedily devouring the various Prospect of Hills and Valleys, Woods and Water, fall over a Cabbage-stump, which he thought unworthy his Notice.

BUT to return to my Gentleman: I actually knew several Instances of his deceiving and imposing on People in the most egregious manner, only because they could not suspect *such a Head* as his of forming any Schemes; but if ever there was a visible Proof that he had done any *Mischief*, then the *artful Man* (tho' perhaps he had never known any thing of the matter) had set him on, and it was a thousand *Pities* the poor *innocent Creature* should thus be made a *Tool* of another's *Villainy*; for he certainly would never have thought of it himself. I could not help laughing sometimes, to see how much this Man endeavoured at the Reputation of Art, (foolishly thinking it a Sign of Sense) without being able to attain it; while the other, with full as ill Success, did all he could to get rid of it, that he might converse with Mankind without their being afraid of him.

THE third Gentleman of this Community passed for the *best-natured* Man in the World; he never heard of another's Misfortune, but he shrugged up his Shoulders, expressing a great deal of Sorrow for them, altho' he never thought of them afterwards. The real Truth was, he had not Tenderness enough in his Disposition to love any body, and therefore kept up a continual Chearfulness, as he never felt the Disappointments, the Torments of Mind those People feel, who are ill used by the Person they have



set their Affections on. He was beloved, that is, he was liked by all who conversed with him; for as he was seldom vexed, he had that sort of Complaisance, which makes People ready to *dance, play, or do any thing* they are desired; and I believe such sort of Reasons as *Shakespear* puts in *Falstaff's* Mouth, for Prince *Harry's* loving *Pointz\**, are the Grounds of most of the Friendships professed in the World, and this makes them so lasting as they are. Whoever can accompany another in his Diversions, and be like him in his Taste of Pleasures, will be more loved, and better thought on by him, than a Man of much more Merit, and from whom he has received many more real kindnesses, will be.

BUT I now proceed to the Contrast of this *Good-natured Man*, whose Reputation was quite contrary; for whoever mentioned him, was sure to hear he was the *worst-natured, most morose Creature* living; and yet this Man did all the benevolent Actions that were in his power; but he had so much tenderness in him, that he was continually *hurt*, and consequently out of humour. His Love of Mankind was the Cause that he appeared to

\* That the Reader may not have the Trouble to turn to *Shakespear*, to see what these strong Ties of Affection are, which *Falstaff* speaks of; I have here set down the Passage.

*Doll.* Why doth the Prince love *Pointz* so then?

*Fal.* Because their Legs are both of a bigness, and he plays at Quoits well, and eats Conger and Fennel, and drinks off Candles-Ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wild Mare with the Boys, and jumps upon Joint-stools, and swears with a good Grace, and wears his Boot very smooth, like unto the Sign of the Leg, and breeds no Bait with telling discreet Stories, and such other gambol Faculties he hath, that shew a weak Mind and an able Body, for the which the Prince admires him: for the Prince himself is such another, the Weight of an Hair will turn the Scale between their

*Advent'p'ois.*

to hate them; for often, when his Heart was torn to pieces, and ready to burst, at either ill Usage from his Friends, or some particular Misfortune which had befallen them, and which he was incapable of removing, he cared so little what came of the World, that he could hear a pitiful Story without any Emotion, and perhaps shewed a Carelessness at it, which made the Relater go away with a fixed Opinion of his *Brutality* and *Ill nature*.

BUT there is nothing so false as the Characters which are given to most People; and I am afraid this is not owing so much to Men's Ignorance, as to their *Malignity*: for whenever one Man is envious of another, he endeavours to take from him what he really has, and gives him something else in the room of it, which he knows he has not. He leaves it to the World to find out his Deficiency in that Point; if he can but hide from Men's Eyes whatever it is he envies him for, he is satisfied.

THE next Character I am to give you, is that of a Man, who has such strong Sensations of every thing, that he is, as Mr. *Pope* finely says, "tremblingly alive" all o'er." His Inclinations hurry him away, and his Resolution is too weak ever to resist them. When he is with any one he loves, and Tenderness is uppermost, he is melted into a Softness equal to that of a fond Mother, with her smiling Infant at her Breast. On the other hand, if he either has, or fancies he has, the least Cause for Anger, he is, for the present, perfectly furious, and values not what he says or does to the Person he imagines his Enemy; but the moment this Passion subsides, the least Submission entirely blots the Offence from his Memory.

HE is of a very forgiving Temper; but the worst is, *he forgives himself* with full as much ease as he does another, and this makes him to have little Guard over his Actions. He designs no ill, and wishes to be virtuous; but if any Virtue interferes with his Inclinations, he is overborne by the Torrent, and does not deliberate a Moment which to chuse.

CONFER an Obligation on him, and he is overwhelmed with Thankfulness, and Gratitude; and this not at all owing to Dissimulation. for he does not express half he

feels. But this Idea soon gives place to others, and then do any thing which is in the least disagreeable to him, and he immediately sets his Imagination (which is very strong) to work, to lessen all you have done for him ; and his whole Mind is possessed by what he thinks your present ill Behaviour.

He has often put me in Mind of a Story I had once heard of a Fellow, who accidentally falling into the *Thames*, and not knowing how to swim, had like to have been drowned ; when a Gentleman, who stood by, jumped into the River and saved him. The Man fell on his Knees, was ready to adore him for thus delivering him, and said he would joyfully sacrifice the Life he had saved, at any time, on his least Command. The next Day the Gentleman met him again, and asked him how he did after his Fright ? When the Man, instead of being any longer thankful for his Safety, upbraided him for pulling *him by the Ear in such a manner, that it had pained him ever since*. Thus that trifling Inconvenience, in twenty-four Hours, had intirely swallowed up the Remembrance that his Life was owing to it. Just so doth the Gentleman, I am speaking of, act by all the World.

He has the greatest Aversion imaginable to see another in Pain and Uneasiness ; and therefore, while any one is with him, he has not Resolution enough to refuse them any thing, be it ever so unreasonable : Importunity makes him uneasy, and therefore he cannot withstand it. But when they are absent from him, he gives himself no trouble what they suffer ; let him not see it, and he cares not : He would not interrupt a Moment of his own Pleasure on any account whatever. He never considers what is *right or wrong*, but pursues the Gratification of every Inclination with the utmost Vigour ; and all the pains he takes, is not in examining his Actions, either before or after he has done them, but in proving to himself, that what he likes is *best* : And he has the Art of doing this in such a manner, that, while People are with him, it is very difficult to prevent being imposed on by his fallacious Way of Arguing. And yet tell him a Story of another's Actions, and no one can judge better, only I think rather too rigidly ; for, as he doth not feel their Inclinations, he can see all their *Folly* and,

and cannot find out any Reason for their giving way to their *Passions*.

HE has great Parts, and, when he is in good Humour, and nothing ruffles him, is one of the agreeablest Men I ever knew; but it is in the power of every the *least* Disappointment to discompose and shake his whole Frame, and then he is much more *offensive* and *disagreeable* than the most insignificant Creature in the World. He never considers the Consequences of any thing before he does it. He ruined his Sister by his wrong-placed Pride: for she had a Lover, who was greatly her Superior in point of Fortune; but there were some Circumstances in his Affairs, which made it very inconvenient for him to marry her immediately. The Brother took it into his head he was designing to *disbonour his Family*, and challenged him. The Gentleman overcame him, and gave him his Life; but resolved never to speak to his Sister more: for he said it should not be reported of him, that he was compelled to marry her. The poor young Creature, who had fixed her Affections on him, had a Slur cast on her Reputation, and has been miserable ever since. He is not so ill-natured, but that seeing her so makes him uneasy; and therefore the remedy he takes is not to see her at all, but to live at a distance from her: And he comforts himself, that it was his Love for her made him act in such a manner. Had it been another Man's Case, he would have soon found out, that it was not *Tenderness* for a Sister, but *Pride* and *Vanity*, that caused so rash an Action.

ONE thing is very diverting in him, and has often made me laugh; for it is very easy to know whether the last Action he has done is good or bad, by what he himself says: For when Benevolence has prevailed in his Mind, and he has done what he thinks right, then he employs all his Wit and Eloquence to prove the great *Goodness of human Nature*. But when by giving way to Pride, Anger, or any other Passion, he hath been hurried into the Commission of what he cannot perfectly approve, he then immediately falls on the great *Wickedness of all Mankind*, and sets himself to work to argue every Virtue out of the World. The Inconsistence of his Behaviour makes his Character in the World very vari-



ous: for People, who have been Witnesses of some parts of his Conduct, take him for the best of Creatures; whilst others, who have known some of his worst Actions, think him the vilest. It is not to be wonder'd at that he should be thus inconsistent with himself, for he has no fixed Principles to act by: He gives way to every Inclination that happens to be uppermost; and as it is natural for People to love to justify themselves, his Conversation turns greatly on the Irresistibleness of human Passions, and an Endeavour to prove, that all Men act by them. But People, who have the Reputation of Wit, or Sense, should take great care what they say, or do, for the sake of others, who are apt to be influenced by their Example, and form their Sentiments by their Precepts.

THE last of the six Characters I promised to give you, and the Contrast to this Gentleman, is a very odd one. His Understanding is very indifferent; but he has a strong Inclination to be thought both *witty* and *wise*: He envies the other, because he finds, that, with all *his Faults*, his Company is more coveted than *his own*; and therefore as he finds he cannot equal him in Wit, and Entertainment, he fixes on *Wisdom* and *Discretion*, and exults in the Superiority he imagines these give him; so that instead of being like the other, hurried into Actions by his own Inclinations, he *deliberates* so long, and *weighs* so nicely every Circumstance that may attend whatever is proposed to him, that he puzzles his Brain, and *bewilders himself*, in his own *Wisdom*, till he does not know how to act at all; and often, by these Methods, loses Opportunities of doing what would be very much for his Advantage, while he is considering whether he should do it or no. And it is not only in things of Moment he is thus considerate, but also in the most trifling Affairs in Life: He will not go even to a Party of Pleasure, till he has consulted himself so long, whether it will be discreet or no, that, when he is resolved he can have no Enjoyment in it.

I REMEMBER once, while we were at *Paris*, this Knot of Gentlemen, my Lady, myself, in the Character of a *Toad-Eater*, and some more Ladies, proposed spending a Week at *Versailles*: This Gentleman could not find

find out whether it would give him most Pleasure or Pain to accompany us; and was so long in deliberating that at last Monsieur *Le Vive* (which was the Name the Gentleman, who was so whimsically guided by his *Passions*, always went by, while he was *Paris*) swore he would stay no longer, and we drove away, leaving him at the Gate in as thoughtful a Posture, as if he had been endeavouring to find out the most difficult Problem in the *Mathematicks*.

HE pretends to a great Affection for *Le Vive*; but I verily believe he hates him in his Heart: for, when he is absent from him, his whole Discourse turns on his *Indiscretions*, which, indeed, he expresses great Sorrow for. But, in my Opinion, he only affects to *pity* him, for an Excuse to fix People's Minds on his Faults, and to make them see his own *imagined Superiority*. I have known several of *these Friends*, who go about *lamenting* every wrong thing done by the Person they falsely pretend a *Friendship* for; but to me they cannot give a stronger Proof, that they hate and envy them.

FOR a Man, who is really concerned for another's Frailties, will keep them as much as possible even from his own Thoughts, as well as endeavour to hide them from the rest of the World: And whenever I hear one of *these Lamenters* cry, "It is pity *such a one* has *such Failings*; for otherwise he would be a *charming Creature*;" and then reckon them all up, without forgetting one *Circumstance*: I cannot forbear telling them, that I think this would better become an *Enemy* than a *Friend*. This Man got the Nick-name of the *Balancer*, and was the Diversion of all who knew him.

MANY other silly Fellows, who conversed with *Le Vive*, acted quite contrary to the *Balancer*, and affected to imitate him. It was a common thing with him to say, that People of the greatest Understandings had generally the strongest Sensations: For which Reason, I really knew two Men, who were naturally of *cold phlegmatick Dispositions*, throw themselves into continual Passions, in order to prove *their Sense*. They could not come up to *Le Vive* in their Conversation, and therefore with great *Penetration*, they found out an easier way to be *like him*, and were so very humble as to imitate him in his Failings.

I VISITED the Wife of one of them, and was sitting with her one day when the Husband came in. She happened to say something he did not like ; on which he in Appearance, threw himself into a violent *Agony*, swore, and stamp about the Room like a Madman ; and at last caught up a great Stick, with which he broke one of the finest Sets of *China* I ever saw. The poor Woman, who was really frightened, stood staring, and knew not what to say ; but when his *Passion* had continued just as long as he thought necessary to prove his *Wisdom*, he grew calm again ; and then asked his Wife ten thousand Pardons for what he had done ; said, he was very sorry he was so passionate ; but all People acted by *their Passions*, and he could not help *his Nature* ; it was a Misfortune often attended Persons of very good Sense ; and, as an Instance of it, named *Le Vive*. I saw thro' the whole thing, and could hardly keep my Countenance ; but immediately took my leave, that I might have the liberty to make my own Reflections, without being observed : for *nothing is so captious as a Man who is acting a Part, it being very natural for him to be in a continual Fear of being found out.*

CORINNA had another Lover, who was a *Frenchman*, in a very high Station. His Mind was cast much in the same Mould with hers. Vanity was the chief Motive of all his Actions, and the Gratification of that Vanity was the sole End of all his Designs. He delighted in all manner of fine things ; that is, he was pleased to call them his own : for the finest Picture that ever *Michael Angelo* drew, would have given him no Pleasure, unless the World had known he was in possession of it. And what is yet more strange, the most beautiful Woman was only preferred to the rest by him, that it might be said *his Charms* had made a Conquest of the Person others sighed for in vain. It was for this Reason he followed *Corinna* ; every new Lover she got, increased his Affections ; the greater Croud of Admirers she had, the better he was pleased ; provided she would but shew to the World, that she only kept them in her Train, whilst he was permitted to lead her by the Hand.

HERE *Cynthia* said she was tired, and would reserve the Remainder of her Story till the Afternoon. They spent

spent the Interval till she thought proper to begin again, in general Conversation, and Remarks on the Characters she had given them. As soon as *Valentine* thought she had rested long enough, to make it agreeable to her to tell them the rest of Story, he begged her to go on with it; and she, who never wanted to be asked twice to oblige any of that Company, proceeded as will be seen in the next Chapter.

## C H A P. V.

*The Continuation of the Story of Corinna.*

**C**ORINNA's manner of dealing with these various Characters, was really very diverting. For to the Man of Sense, who had the Reputation of being an *artful Man*, and who always treated her with very great Respect, yet told his Love in a plain unaffected manner, (for he had not been much used to Gallantry) and always dealt with every one with Simplicity; she softened her Looks to such a degree, as gave him some distant Hopes that he might be her Choice. And as a Coquet was the Character he most despised, it would have been impossible to have persuaded him, *that she had any sort of Coquetry* in her. She plainly saw how much his real Character was mistaken; and that the other Gentleman, who was reputed to be *perfectly artless*, employed his whole Time and Thoughts in endeavouring to undermine her by his *Cunning*. To him therefore she was more reserved, and, by continually counterplotting him, at last gave him the most consummate Opinion of *her Wisdom*: for as he look'd on *Art* and *Sense* to be the same thing, he thought a Woman, who could equal him in the former, must be the most extraordinary Creature in the World.

THE Man whom the World esteemed to be *ill natured*, only because he was capable of being touched with either the *Afflictions* or *Behaviour* of his Friends; she worked *backward* and *forward* in such a manner, as made him one moment curse her, and the next adore her; by that means keeping his Thoughts continually on the Stretch, and giving him no time to recollect him-



self enough to forsake her. The thing in the World he valued in a Woman, was having the same Sensations with himself; therefore, whenever she found she had gone far enough to hurt him thoroughly, she pick'd up some Trifle he had done, and told him it was the Suspicion of his slighting her, that had made her so *uneasy* she could not command *herself*: By this means he was perfectly convinced that she had no Fault, but what arose from the Strength of her *Good nature*.

As to the Gentleman who was always pleased, she had no great Trouble with him; and only danced and sung with him; and he was perfectly satisfied she was the *best-humoured Woman* in the World, which was the *Quality* he most admired.

THE *Balancer* never told her he liked her in his Life; for he did not dare to go so far, lest he should not be able afterwards to disengage himself. He sat whole Hours, and looked at her with Wonder and Admiration, considering with himself whether it would be *wise* for him to make Love to her or no. She saw she had him sure enough; but did not let it appear to him that she understood his Looks: She flattered him in his *own Way*, asking his Advice about every Trifle, pretending she was deliberating about things she never had a serious Thought of; he therefore believed her a *Miracle of Discretion*.

HER hardest Task was how to manage *Le Vive*; for the Impetuosity of his Inclinations would not bear being dallied with, and she found with all her *Art*, it was impossible to keep him long, without consenting to marry him. But as he was always apt to believe whatever his Inclinations suggested to him, she contrived to make him think, that she had no other Reason for not immediately complying with his Desire, but Delicacy; for that she thought a Woman must be a strange Creature, who did not expect some Gallantry from a Man, before he could obtain her Love. And as *Le Vive* had really a very delicate Turn in his own Mind, it was what he most admired in a Woman; and consequently he was the more charmed with her, for thinking she had so large a *Share of it*. She was obliged to be denied to all the rest, whenever he came to see her; for she could

not

not so easily impose on him as on the others, and the least Suspicion would have excited him to the highest degree of Rage. She durst not play many Tricks with him, only she would now and then just teaze him enough, to make his Passion return with the greater Violence.

As to the vain Man, he easily believed she preferred him to all Mankind; and it is incredible how vast a Pleasure he took in reflecting on the Joys he should feel, in being *reputed* to have the handsomest Wife in all *France*. The Possession of so fine a Woman was the least thing in his Consideration; for if he had been obliged to have lived a recluse Life with her, all her Charms would have immediately vanished, and his Relish would have been totally lost for them: but whilst his *Vanity* was gratified, he thought her possessed of every *Accomplishment* any Woman could be adorned with. Thus Mankind go farther than *Pygmalion* in the Fable; for he, indeed, fell in love with a Statue, but still kept his Senses enough only to pray to the Gods to give her Life and Motion: But they, if once a Woman's Form *pleases* them, not only wish her possessed of every thing else, but *believe* and *swear* she is so.

I ONCE visited *Corinna*, when all her Lovers happened to be there together. I suppose *Le Vive* was let in by some Accident she could not avoid. The grave Man of Sense appeared diffident of himself, and seemed afraid to speak to her. The artful Man sat silent, and seemed to be laying some very *deep Plot*. The Man who was so apt to be hurt by the Behaviour of others, could hardly forbear breaking out in Reproaches. The gay, good-humoured Spark, *capér'd* and *sung*, and was never better pleased in his Life. The *Balancer* attempted to speak several times, but broke off with half a Sentence, as not having considered enough whether he was going to speak *wisely* or no. *La Vive* had no patience, and could hardly be civil to her; but perfectly stormed at her, and left the Room in a violent Passion. But the vain Man was all *Joy* and *Rapture*: for, on some particular Civilities she shewed him, he concluded he was the *happy Man*. And indeed, whether the Sympathy there was in their Minds (for both their Pleasures lay in gratifying their  
Vanity)

Vanity) influenced her, or whether his having a great Fortune swayed her, I cannot tell ; but she certainly did give him the preference before all her other Lovers.

AFTER this meeting of them all together, as she found it impossible any longer to keep them all as *Danglers*, she began to think seriously of marrying the vain Man. She considered, that if she led this Life much longer, she should get the Reputation of a *finished Coquette*, and consequently lose all her Power ; whereas by marrying, she might have the liberty of conversing with all her *Husband's Acquaintance*, without being much censured. Besides, she knew enough of his Temper, not to be ignorant, that he would bring her home all the Admirers, he could, in order to indulge himself in the Thoughts that he had *gained* the Woman so much *liked* by others. She was very sure she could not be particularly fond of him, nor of any other Man ; and always laid it down as a Maxim, that it was too much Love on the Woman's side, that was generally the Cause of their losing their Husband's Affections. In short, these and several other Considerations induced her, at last, to give her Hand to the vain Man.

THEY were married three Months before I came from *Paris*, and were generally esteemed a very fond Couple. She coquettes it just enough to shew him, that, if he does not take care of his Behaviour, he is in danger of losing her : And he indulges her in every thing she can wish, and still keeps up the Lover, for fear of the Disgrace of her liking any body else. *Sacharissa*, with whom I conversed as often as I could get liberty, told me, that *Corinna* often asked her, " How long she " thought she should reign thus *absolute* in her Husband's " House, if she made an *humble fond Wife*, and did " not continually shew him how much he was *obliged* " *to her for chusing him?*" I will relate to you one Scene that passed between them, Word for Word, as *Sacharissa* told it me.

THERE was a young Gentleman dined with them one day, with whom *Corinna* was more gay, and went farther in her Coquetry than usual ; insomuch, that at last her Husband grew quite out of humour : She perceived it, but did not at all alter her Behaviour on that account.

count. There was a great deal of Company at the Table, and *Corinna* was in the highest Raptures to see the Joy which sparkled in the Eyes of the Man she took most notice of; the envious uneasy Looks of all the others, and her Husband's Discontent. This might be called the Wantonness of Power, and she was resolved to indulge herself in the full Enjoyment of it. When the Company were gone, her Husband sat sullen, and out of humour, and would not speak one Word. It was her usual Method, whenever he thought proper to be in this Temper, to let him come to himself again as he pleased; for she never said any thing to him, to endeavour to bring him out of it. I cannot say I much pitied him, as all his Uneasiness arose from Vanity; but had the greatest Tenderness for her been the Cause of it, she would have acted just in the same manner: for it was one of her *political Maxims*, That whatever Woman troubled her head whether her Husband was pleased or no, would find Employment enough to keep him in Temper; but if she could have so strong a Resolution as to hold out, if he either *loved her*, or *a quiet Life*, he would certainly submit in the end; and the Difficulty he found in being reconciled to her, would make him afraid of offending her.

HOWEVER, this passed on three or four Days, and neither of them spoke. *Corinna* dressed, and went abroad with as much Chearfulness as usual; till he held out so long that she began to be frightened, lest he should be meditating some Design of parting with her, and by that means bring a Disgrace upon her. Her Pride would not suffer her to think of a Submission; besides she knew that Method would be totally ineffectual with a Man of her Husband's Temper.

*SACHARISSA*, although she could not approve her Behaviour, had so much Good-nature, she would willingly have assisted her in bringing about a Reconciliation; but her Mind was so perfectly free from all Art, and every Word she spoke, nay, her very Looks so plainly shewed her Thoughts, that it was impossible for her to hit on any Scheme for her Sister's Advantage. *Corinna*, after much Deliberation, as her last Effort, engaged a Lady of her Acquaintance to invite her and  
her



her Husband to Dinner; where, as by Accident, they were to meet the Gentleman who was the first Occasion of their Quarrel; who, the moment he saw *Corinna*, began to behave to her with all the Assurance a Man, who fancies himself the Object of Admiration, can be inspired with. But she had now another Scheme in view; and as she had before indulged her own Vanity at the Expence of her Husband's, she thought it necessary, in order to bring about her present Designs, to turn the Man into Ridicule, who, from her own Behaviour, had fed himself with the Hopes of obtaining her Favour: And while she played him off with all the Liveliness and Wit she was mistress of, by the whole Company's plainly perceiving the great Preference she gave her Husband, he was by degrees work'd into Raptures he never felt for her before; and when they came home, was visibly more her Slave than ever.

Thus by following the Maxim she had laid down from her Youth, of never shewing too much Love to the Man she had a mind to govern, she so far succeeded in all her Schemes, that if ever any Dispute arose between them after this Scene, it was not without the most servile Submissions on her Husband's side, and her exerting all the most haughty Airs she could think on, that he could ever obtain a Reconciliation with her: nor did she think herself at all to blame for such a Conduct, but often asserted, that notwithstanding all the Complaints of Women's *Levity* and *Coquetry*, yet, that she thought the Man who gives up all his Ease, and sacrifices all his Time to the satisfying a restless Ambition, and the grasping of Power, was just on the same footing with the Woman who makes it her Study to display and set off her Charms, in order to gain a general Admiration; that the same Love of Power was the Motive of both their Actions; and consequently that she could not see, if there is so much Folly as is said to be in the one, how the other could be exempted from the same Imputation.

BUT here I will leave her, and go back to *Sacharissa*. Her Taste was too good, altho' she had a great Softness in her Temper, for her easily to fix her Affections; but the Man of Sense, whom I have already mentioned to  
you

you as a Lover of *Corinna's* touched her Heart. She took care to conceal it, because she well knew *Corinna* would be uneasy at parting with *one Admirer*, altho' her Dislike to him was ever so great. But when *Corinna* was married, and this Gentleman compared her Usage of all her Lovers, with *Sacharissa's* modest, and good-natured Behaviour, he fixed his Love on the Woman who now appeared so much the most deserving. The Courtship did not last long; for as she had made it a Rule never to conceal her Affections from the Man she loved, longer than she doubted of his, Decency was the only Thing considered by her; and they were married about a Month before I left *Paris*. I never saw a greater Prospect of Happiness in my Life; for their Love was reciprocal, and they highly esteemed each other.

*CYNTHIA* had the Thanks of the whole Company for her Relation, particularly *Valentine's*, who expressed the greatest Admiration at her manner of telling it. They spent the rest of the Evening in Remarks on *Cynthia's* Story; and *David* said, he did not think there could have been such a Character as *Corinna's* in the World; that he began to be in great Anxiety to see a Woman painted in such a Light; but *Sacharissa's* Tenderness and Good-nature had revived his Spirits, in shewing him the Blessing a Man possessed, when he could gain the Affections of a Person whose Heart was faithful, and whose Mind was replete with Goodness. In saying this, he fixed his Eyes stedfastly on *Camilla*, till he saw her blush, and seem out of Countenance, which made him immediately turn the Discourse: and when they separated to go to Bed, *Valentine* followed his Sister into her Room, and seemed almost choaked for want of Power to utter his Thoughts.

*CAMILLA* was not ignorant what Subject he wanted to talk on, and immediately began a Discourse on *Cynthia*. At last she brought him to say, "Oh! *Camilla*,  
" how happy must that Man be, who can touch the  
" Heart of *Cynthia*! There is no Hopes for your un-  
" fortunate Brother; for *even* if she could condescend  
" to look on me, my Circumstances are such, I dare  
" not own my Love to her. Mr. *Simple's* Generosity  
" and Goodness to us, makes it utterly impossible I  
" should

“ should ever think of loading him with more Burdens.  
 “ No ; I must for ever banish from my Thoughts the  
 “ only Woman who is capable of raising my Love and  
 “ Esteem. You may remember in our very youthful  
 “ Days, when I hardly knew why I *liked* her, how fond  
 “ I was of being with *Cynthia* ; and notwithstanding  
 “ our Separation, I have never thought of any other  
 “ Woman with any great Affection.” He then went  
 on with Extacies on *Cynthia*’s Wit and Charms.

*CAMILLA* heard him out, and then told him, she would do any thing in her Power to serve him ; but advised him, if possible, to try to conquer his Passion. At these Words he turned pale, and looked in the utmost Agonies ; which his Sister perceiving, she told him, if his Love was so fixed, that he could not enjoy himself without *Cynthia*, she hoped, and did not at all doubt, but he might gain her Affections ; for that before she went abroad, she had observed much more than a common Complaisance in her Behaviour towards him ; which she found was rather increased than abated since this last Meeting ; and he must wait with Patience, till Time, perhaps, might put it in his Power to be as happy as he could wish.

*VALENTINE* was vastly comforted in the Thoughts of *Cynthia*’s approving his Love, and for that Moment quite forgot all the Consequences that might attend indulging his Passion. He begged his Sister to observe all *Cynthia*’s Words and Actions ; and then retired to Rest. Poor *Camilla* could have sighed as well as her Brother ; but I don’t know how it was ; *she could not so easily unfold Grievs of that kind to Valentine, as he could to her.*

## C H A P. VI.

*In which our Hero began again to despair of ever meeting with any thing but Disappointments.*

P O O R *David* had no Person to tell his Grievs to : he loved *Camilla* so sincerely, that whatever Resolutions he made to declare it to her, the great Awe with which he was seized whenever he approach-  
 ed

ed her, took from him the Power of speaking. And he was afraid to mention it to her Brother first, lest she should be offended, and think he was *mean* enough to expect a Compliance from them both, on account of the Obligations they owed him.

SOMETIMES his Imagination would indulge him with the Thoughts of the Happiness he should enjoy, if he could be beloved by, and lead his Life with *Camilla*. He was sure she had every good Quality human Nature is capable of possessing. He ran over every Virtue in his own Mind, and gave them her all, without any Exception. Then he reflected on every Vice ; and exulted in the Thought that she was quite free from them. Sometimes he was in Despair of ever engaging her to return his Love, and then in a Moment succeeded Hopes and Raptures, and all this without any intervening Action of her's to give him the least Reason to believe either one way or the other.

IN short, both *David* and *Valentine* were afraid of explaining themselves too far, lest they should disoblige *Camilla* and *Cynthia* ; and they, on the other Hand, had no Fear, but that their Lovers meant no more than they expressed. Miss *Johnson's* Behaviour, in spite of himself, would often force itself on *David's* Memory ; for, that is one of the Curses which attend the having ever been disappointed in our Opinion of a Person we have esteemed : It is an Alloy to all our future Pleasures ; we cannot help remembering, while we are indulging ourselves in any new Engagement, that once we thought as well of another, who, with the same seeming Innocence deceived us ; and we dread the same thing may happen over again. But these Thoughts only took place in *Camilla's* Absence : The Moment she appeared, all disagreeable Ideas vanished, and the most pleasing ones imaginable succeeded.

*VALENTINE* and *Camilla* often sighed at the Remembrance of their Father's Usage ; but they cautiously hid from their *generous Benefactor*, that any uneasy Thoughts ever intruded on their Minds : He fancied them entirely happy, and that their Happiness was owing to him. None but Minds like *David's* can imagine the Pleasure this Consideration gave him. *Cynthia* saw  
through



through *Valentine's* Behaviour ; and yet sometimes she could not help fearing that his Thoughtfulness might arise from some other Cause than what she would have it ; and her great Anxiety concerning it, naturally produced Suspicion.

As this little Company were sitting and comparing their present Situation with what they had formerly been in, they heard so violent a Rap at the next Door, they could not help having Curiosity enough to run to the Window, and saw it was occasioned by the Arrival of a gilt Chariot ; in which was a Person, in whose Looks was plainly to be perceived, that he was perfectly *satisfied with himself* ; and, *conscious* that he made a *good figure* ; that is, he was very well dressed, and his Equipage such as no Nobleman would have had any reason to have been ashamed of. While the Door was opening, he happened to cast his Eyes on *Camilla*, and fixed them with such Attention, that as he was entering the House, his Foot slipped, and he fell down. *David*, who was always ready to give Assistance where it was wanted, ran down Stairs to see if he could be of any service to him. The Gentleman had struck his Face against an Iron at the Side of the Door, and felt a good deal of Pain ; but the moment he saw *David*, he begged he would be so good as to carry him into the House where he had seen him at a Window with a young Lady, whom he was very desirous of speaking to ; because he had something to tell her, which, he believed, would prove to her advantage. That Consideration was enough for *David*, and without any farther Hesitation, he introduced him into the Room to *Camilla*. The moment she saw him, it was visible by her Countenance he was not a perfect Stranger to her ; for she alternately blushed, turned pale, and seemed to be in the greatest Agitation of Spirits imaginable. The Gentleman begged the liberty of being one half Hour alone with her ; as what he had to communicate concerned only her, and was of such a nature, that it required the utmost Privacy.

*CAMILLA*, who did indeed know him to be my Lord . . . . an intimate Acquaintance of her Father's, fancied he had something to say to her from him ; and that  
Thought

Thought made her so solicitous to know what it was, that without thinking of any farther Consequence, she begged the rest of the Company to retire a little, while she heard what my Lord had to say; which, as they none of them ever refused her any thing she desired, was immediately complied with.

VALENTINE was a Stranger to this noble Lord, as he was gone abroad, before he came from his Studies to live with his Father; however, he thought the Alteration of *Camilla's* Countenance at the sight of him, was owing to the Shame of seeing a Person she knew whilst she lived in Reputation with her Father, now that she was certain he must have heard an infamous Story of her. But *David* could not help fearing she felt something more at the sight of him than merely Shame. Miss *Johnson* forced herself again on his Memory, and when he considered the *fine Equipage*, and the Title of a Lord, he was in the utmost Consternation what would be the Event of this Affair.

THIS Lord was one of those Men, who lay it down as a Maxim, that a Woman who has lost her Virtue from Fondness to one Man is ever after to be purchased by the best Bidder. He had always liked *Camilla*, but as she lived in a Station that he could not think of her on any other Terms than Marriage, and he knew her Father could not give her as much Fortune as was necessary to pay off a Mortgage which was on his Estate, he had never said any thing to her, farther than common Gallantry; but when he heard that she was run away in such an infamous manner with her Brother, he concluded, Money would be so acceptable to her, that he could not fail obtaining her by that means. He had often enquired privately after her, but always in vain, till he accidentally saw her at that Window.

THE Moment they were alone, *Camilla* inquired with great Eagerness if he had any thing to say to her from her Father, or could tell her any News of him. On which he replied, "That all he knew of her Father was, that he and his Wife lived on in the same House in which she had left them; but his Business was of another kind, in which he himself was only concerned." Then with a heap of those fulsome Com-

pliments,

*pliments*, which only prove the strongest Contempt for the Person they are made to ; he *modestly* proposed her living with him as a *Mistress* ; said, “ she should command his Fortune, that he would get her Brother a Commission in the Army to go abroad, --and her Father should never know by whose Interest he had obtained it.”

CAMILLA, whose Virtue was not of that *outrageous kind*, which breaks out in a *Noise like Thunder* on such Occasions, very calmly answered him as follows : “ My Lord, notwithstanding what you have heard of me, I am as innocent now as when you first knew me ; and though Malice has contrived to make me infamous, it never shall make me guilty ; nor is it in the power of all your Fortune to bribe me to do a criminal or a mean Action : and if your *Lordship* has no other Business with me, I must beg Leave to desire my Brother, and the Man on Earth I most esteem, to walk in again.” He had too much Confidence in his own Charms to take an immediate Denial ; and as to her talking of the Man she esteemed, he fancied she was grown weary of her Brother, and had acquired a new Gallant, which he thought looked well on his side. He used the most pressing Arguments he could think on, to make her comply, but all in vain : He imagined her not calling to her Brother was an Encouragement to him to proceed ; but she was really afraid to let him know any thing of the matter, dreading what might be the Consequence. At last, when my Lord found all his *Promises*, and *fine Speeches*, made no Impression on her, he took his Leave.

THE moment he was gone, *David*, *Valentine*, and *Cynthia* flew into the Room, and found *Camilla* in the utmost Confusion : she knew not which way to act ; had not an Instant to consider, and could not resolve whether it was best for her to inform them of what had passed or no. *Valentine* hastily inquired, “ if she had heard any thing from their Father ; for he said he supposed she must know that Lord while she lived at home.” She replied, “ No, she had heard nothing, but that he lived in the same Place where they left him.” She stammered,

stammered, and seemed to wish they would ask no more Questions; but this put *David* on the rack, and he could not forbear being so inquisitive, that at last she was forced to tell them the whole Truth, with the Reserve only of the Lord's Title.

*VALENTINE* flew into a violent Passion, vowed he would find out who he was, and let him know, no Station should screen a Man from his Resentment, who durst affront his Sister. Poor *Cynthia* was quite frightened and urged all the Reasons she could think on to make him change his Purpose; and *Camilla* told him, he should consider that her unhappy Circumstances, and her being infamous had thrown her so low, that a Man might be more excusable for talking to her in that Strain than to any other Woman. What she said to pacify *Valentine*, made *David* almost mad, and threw him so off his Guard, he could not help saying, "he thought" *she pleaded very well in the Defence of her Lover.*" On which he left the Room, and retired to his own Chamber. When he was gone, *Cynthia* employed all her Thoughts in endeavouring to calm *Valentine*.

POOR *Camilla* knew not which way to act: she saw *David's* Uneasiness; it was not her *Pride* which prevented her following him, and endeavouring to make him easy. But as he had never seriously declared more than a great Friendship for her, she knew not which way to treat so delicate a Passion as Jealousy, whilst she must not own she saw it. She sat some time silent; but at last found the Agitation of her Mind was so great, it would be impossible for her to conceal her Thoughts; and therefore on the Pretence of Indisposition, retired to her own Chamber, where she spent the whole Night in greater Anxiety than I can express. She did not feel one pleasing Sensation from the Idea that the Man who loved her, was in Torment on her account; but on the contrary, was melted into Tenderness and Grief at the Thoughts of every Pang he felt, and nothing but the most invincible Regard to Decency could have prevented her flying to him, and telling him the whole Truth in order to ease him of his Pain.

As to *David*, the Thoughts of *Camilla's* having ever  
liked



liked another, quite overcame him; he knew not whether he was awake or in a Dream. But notwithstanding all the raging Passions which warred in his Mind, he could not but reflect, that he had nothing to accuse *Camilla* of; for that she was under no sort of Engagement to him, and at full liberty to like whom she pleased; yet, when he fancied any other Man was the Object of her Love, he could not help thinking she had not *half those Virtues* he before thought her possessed of. For an Instant, he felt a Passion which he had before never conceived for her, nor indeed for any other; and which I should not scruple to call Hatred, had it not been one of those abortive Thoughts which are the first Sallies of our Passions, and which immediately vanish on Reflection; for as it was impossible for him to hate a Creature who had never injured him, that Consideration absolutely removed what seemed alone to promise him Comfort; and he saw *Camilla* in the same amiable light in which he had ever beheld her, with the Addition only of a Despair, which at once heightened all her Beauties, and made them fatal to his Repose.

*VALENTINE* and *Cynthia*, from seeing their Distress, had both endeavoured to bring them together in the Evening; but they pleaded ill Health, and begged to stay in their separate Apartments. The next Morning they found such Misery, in not seeing each other, that they both came to Breakfast with their Companions: They entered the Room at different Doors, at the same Instant; the Wanness of their Looks, (for it is incredible how much one Night's Perturbation of Mind will alter People, who have strong and delicate Sensations) and the faltering of their Voices, more strongly pointed out their Thoughts than the most laboured Eloquence could possibly have done. Neither of them could bring themselves to speak first; for as *David* had never made any actual Addresses to *Camilla*, it was impossible for him to charge her with any Crime, or even to mention the Affair to her, which gave him so much Uneasiness. She, on the other hand, (tho' her Mind had been totally void of Pride, of which she had very little, or of Modesty, of which she was the most exact

act

act Pattern) could not have begun to excuse a Crime of which she was entirely innocent, to a Man who neither did nor had any Right to censure her. As for *Valentine*, he was in a Dilemma no less perplexing; for tho' he was sensible of *David's Jealousy*, and confident of his *Camilla's* Innocence, yet in their present Situation, he could by no means persuade himself to say any thing which might have been construed as a direct Offer of his Sister to a Man to whom they both were so greatly obliged; and who at the same time appeared in the *Light of Fortune* (the only Light by which some People's Eyes can see) so highly their Superior.

As for *Cynthia*, she knew too much of the World, and was too well bred, to intermeddle officiously in so delicate an Affair.

UNDER these Circumstances were this little Company, when by lucky Accident, rather than good Design, did the Author of all this Mischief unravel the Perplexity he had occasioned, by means of a Letter which a Servant now delivered to *Camilla*. She opened it hastily, wondering what Corner of the Earth could produce a Correspondent for her at this Time. *David* watched her Looks, and observing she blush'd, and chang'd Colour, was in the utmost Anxiety, in which she left him no longer than while she read the Letter; when she sent the Servant out of the Room, and gave it into his Hand; saying, she thought every one in that Company had a Right to know all that concerned her, as she was convinced they were her sincere Friends. *David* read it aloud to *Valentine* and *Cynthia*; but how much were they surprized, when they found the Contents were as follows!

MADAM,

I Am really ashamed of my Conduct towards you yesterday; my Inclination for you makes it an easy matter for me to be convinced of your Innocence, but I would have you also clear in the Eyes of the World; and if you will come home again to your Father's, I will make it my whole Study to justify you, and find  
out

out the Author of this vile Report. As soon as that can be done, if you will consent to it, I will receive you of your Father as my Wife.

I am, Madam,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant, &c.

THEY all sat for a moment staring at each other, as in amazement. *Camilla* first broke silence, and looking at *David*, said, if they pleased, either *Valentine* or he should dictate an Answer to this Letter. *David*, instead of being pleased at this, turned pale: He remembered he had over-heard Miss *Johnson* say, she was in hopes he would be too much afraid of making her unhappy, to press her to refuse a good Offer for *him*; and he now began to fear *Camilla* had the same way of thinking, and only said this to pique his Generosity, to desire her to accept of such a Match: He therefore told her, he thought she was the best Judge what to answer; for as the Happiness of a reasonable Creature did by no means depend on Grandeur, he did not think himself obliged to persuade her to consent to my Lord . . . 's Proposal. When *Camilla* found which way he took what she had said, she pitied him, because she saw he was uneasy; imputed it to the Delicacy of his Love for her; and acted quite contrary to what some good natured Women do, who, when they see a Man vexed on their account, take that Opportunity of teasing him. She told him, he had perfectly mistaken her Meaning, as she would immediately convince him; on which she called for a Pen and Ink, and wrote the following Letter.

MY LORD,

**I** Now think my self as much obliged to you, as I thought the contrary yesterday: I have some very strong Reasons, which make it impossible for me to accept the Honour you intend me; and as to my returning to my Father's House, the Usage I have already met with there, has determined me never to subject myself to the like again; which I am certain must always be the Case,  
whilst

*whilst Livia is Mistress of it. I am, my Lord, with  
the most grateful Sense of the Favour you designed me,*

Your Lordship's most Obliged,  
Obedient Humble Servant,

CAMILLA.

It is utterly impossible to describe the Agitations of *David's* Mind, while she was writing, or his Raptures when he heard what she had written. *Valentine* highly approved of her Proceedings; for as she had kept her Word in informing him of every thing that passed between her and *David*; he was not ignorant how much he would have suffered had she accepted of my Lord. And *Cynthia* admired her Resolution and Greatness of Mind to such a degree, that she could not forbear expressing to her Friend, with what an additional Esteem that one Action had inspired her.

THEY were all surprized what could have altered my Lord . . . . so much in one Day; but his Lordship, when he left *Camilla*, could not believe he was awake: So impossible it appeared to him, that any Woman could resist both his *Person* and *Fortune*; his *Pride* was piqued at it, and besides, his Inclination was heightened by the difficulty he found in the gratifying it.

HE now began to believe all the Stories he had heard of *Camilla* were false, for he was very certain the Woman who could *withstand him must be virtuous*. In short, he found himself so uneasy without her, that he thought if there could be any Method found of regaining her Reputation, he could be contented to marry her; a strong Proof of the strange Inconsistency of the human Mind! For whilst there was no other Objection but her want of Fortune, and he might have received her with Honour at her Father's hands, he could command his Passion; but when there was the Addition of many other Objections to prevent his indulging it, he was willing to overcome them all. The truth was, while she lived with her Father, he had never given himself leave to have the smallest Hopes of her in one way,



and as he thought it imprudent to think on her in the other, his Desires were curbed by the apparent Impossibility of gratifying them. But when he thought her both *infamous* and *poor*, he had made himself so certain of obtaining her, he could not bear the Disappointment of being refused; and perplexed himself so long about it, that at last, like *Heartfree* in the Play of the *Old Batchelor*, "He ran into the Danger, to avoid the Apprehension;" and wrote the foregoing Letter.

DAVID now was perfectly easy, and there was a general Chearfulness throughout the whole Company for the Evening; and when they retired to Rest, it was with that Calmness which is always the Companion of Innocence and Health. The Adventures of the next Day shall be reserved for another Chapter.

## C H A P. VII.

*In which is related the Life of an Atheist.*

IN the Morning they all met, with the utmost Good-humour; and it being *Sunday*, David proposed the going to Church; for he said he had great reason to thank his *Creator*, for giving him so much Happiness as he had found in that Company. The other three heartily consented to it, and said, they were sure the meeting with him, and the being delivered from their Afflictions and Distress, was so signal a Mark of Divine Providence, that they could never be thankful enough for it. This naturally led *Cynthia* to give some Account of the Conversation she met with in her Journey to Town. She had mentioned it slightly before, but now she told them all the ridiculous Arguments the Atheist made use of to prove there was no *Deity*.

DAVID could not forbear crying out, "Good God! Is it possible there can be a Creature in the World so much an Enemy to himself, and to all Mankind, as to endeavour to take from Men's Minds the greatest Comfort they can possibly enjoy!"

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They all admir'd the *Clergyman's* Behaviour, and *David* said, he heartily wished he was acquainted with him. Now it happened, by great Accident, that this very *Clergyman* preached at the Church they went to; and, as soon as *Cynthia* saw him, she informed her Company who he was. They were all rejoiced at it, and *David* was charm'd with his Discourse, and meditated some Method, by *Cynthia's* means, of introducing himself to *him*. When Church was done, it rained so violently, that no Coach being to be had, they were forced to stay; and in the mean time the *Clergyman* brought about *David's* Wish, without any trouble of his, for he presently came and spoke to *Cynthia*; she told him that *Gentleman* longed for his Acquaintance. *David* begged the favour of him to dine with them; he civilly accepted the Invitation, and they all went home together.

*CYNTHIA*, as soon as she had an Opportunity, asked him if he had ever heard any thing of the *Atheist*; to which the *Clergyman* reply'd, that having some Business that way, he called at the Apothecary's to inquire what was become of him, and heard he was dead; for he would drink hard in spite of any Persuasions to the contrary, which, with the Pain, threw him into a Fever that kill'd him. But, continued this good Man, I was mov'd with Compassion, (tho' not with a mixture of Pleasure) when I heard, that, as soon as he found he must die, all his fancied Infidelity vanished into nothing, and in its room succeeded Horrors impossible to be described. He begged the Apothecary to send to a neighbouring Clergyman, and before them both dictated the ensuing Account of the Life he had led, which they writ down, and at my Request gave me a Copy of it.

" WHEN I was a young Fellow, I took a delight  
" in reading all those sort of Books which best suited  
" my own Inclinations, by endeavouring to prove  
" that all Pleasure lay in Vice; and that the wisest thing  
" a Man could do, was to give a Loose to all his  
" Passions, and take hold of the present Moment for  
" Pleasure, without depending on uncertain Futurity.

“ As I had but little Money, I got in with a Set  
“ of *Sharps*, and, by consenting to play all the  
“ Game with them, was admitted to *share* some Part  
“ of the *Booty*. Whenever I had any Success that  
“ that way, I immediately spent it on *Wine* and *Wo-*  
“ *men*. As to the latter, I had never any sort of  
“ Affection for them, farther than for their *Persons*,  
“ and consequently was never much disappointed by  
“ any Refusal from them: For I went from one to  
“ another; and as I was always certain of succeed-  
“ ing with some of them, I was very well satisfied.  
“ *Promises* cost me nothing; for I was full as libe-  
“ ral of *them*, as I was sparing in the *Performance*:  
“ And whenever I had by any means gained a Wo-  
“ man, as soon as I grew tired of her, I made no  
“ manner of Scruple of leaving her to *Infamy* and  
“ *Poverty*, without any Consideration what became of  
“ her.

“ As soon as I had spent all my Money, I ge-  
“ nerally returned to the *Gaming-Table*. But at last  
“ my Companions, whom I only trusted because I  
“ could not avoid it, on finding out one Evening that  
“ I had defrauded them of their Share, all combined to  
“ disgrace me; and the next time I came, watch'd nar-  
“ rowly, till they saw me slip some *false Dice* out of my  
“ Pocket, and discovered me to the whole Table. It  
“ was in vain for me to protest my *Innocence*, and com-  
“ plain of the others, for I could not be heard; and the  
“ Gentleman, whom I had endeavoured to cheat, held  
“ me till I was stript of all I had about me, which I  
“ had won that Night, and then kicked me out of the  
“ Room. Besides the Loss, I had Pride enough to be  
“ hurt to the quick by such Usage, and yet I had not  
“ Courage enough to resent it. Thus this Scheme  
“ proved abortive, and I was obliged to have done with  
“ it.

“ I HAD an Acquaintance, who, when I was in the  
“ utmost Distress, used to relieve me; but then that  
“ was only enough perhaps to pay some Debt, just  
“ to keep me from a Jail; but was nothing to what I  
“ wanted to squander in Extravagance.

“ THE next Scheme I took into my head was to follow Women, for their *Money*, instead of their *Persons*: And it was a Rule with me, generally to go amongst those who had but small Fortunes; for as to those who had great ones, I thought I should have my *mercenary Designs* found out, if I pursued them. But by following such as had but a small matter, they easily concluded I could have no Views upon their *Money*, and that therefore my Professions must be sincere: by which means I got away every Farthing they were worth, and then left them to bemoan *their Folly*, *bugging myself in my own Ingenuity*. My Method was, when first I got acquainted with any one, to pretend that all Fortune was equal between us; and if ever they wanted Money, I lent it them; (that is, when I had it.) Thus I passed upon them for the most *generous Creature in the World*, till I had got from them what I wanted. But at last I was caught in my own Snare; for I met with a Woman, who was cunning enough to penetrate my Scheme; and when she had got from me all the Money I had, she would never see me more. Another Woman, from whom I got 500 *l.* in this treacherous manner, happened to have a Brother, who loved her so sincerely, that she was never *afraid to let him know even her own Indiscretions*: He pulled me by the Nose in a publick *Coffee-house*, and swore, till I had returned his Sister every Farthing I owed her, he would use me in that manner, where-ever he met with me. As it was impossible for me to raise the Money, I was forced to lurk about in Corners, that I might avoid him. These two *Disappointments* made me weary of this *Project*.

“ THE next Scheme I formed was to go *Canting* amongst the Men, of the Value of *real Friendship*, to try if by that means I could draw any Person into my *Net*, in order to make a Prey of them. Here too I followed my old Maxim, of frequenting those Companies where fortune had not been lavish of her Favours; for I always found, that those People who had but little, were most ready to *part with their Money*. Here I *flourished* for a small time; but as



“ I took care always to leave the Persons I had *fleeced*,  
“ and converse no longer with them than I could gain  
“ by them, I soon became very scandalous : And as I  
“ happened to meet with some Gentlemen, who did  
“ not at all relish such Treatment, I got two or three  
“ good *Beatings*, and could shew my Head no longer in  
“ that Neighbourhood.

“ THUS was I both *poor* and *infamous* ; and yet I  
“ was so *bewitched* with the Fancy of my *own Wisdom*,  
“ that even these Miseries did not open my Eyes enough,  
“ to make me engage in an honest Way of Life.

“ I TOOK another Lodging, with a Design of lay-  
“ ing some new Plot to get Money by ; and the  
“ next Scheme I pursued was to talk very religi-  
“ ously, and try what that sort of Hypocrisy would do.  
“ Now I chiefly frequented *old Women*, as I thought  
“ keeping Company with the young ones would be an  
“ Injury to the Character I then *affected*. I got some  
“ small matter, which was given me by People who  
“ were really charitable, to dispose of to poor Families,  
“ which I made up dismal Stories of, and this Money I  
“ put in my own Pocket But this did not last long ;  
“ for my Propensity to all manner of Vice was so strong,  
“ it broke out on all Occasions : And as I could not  
“ forbear my Bottle, which sometimes brought out  
“ Truth in spite of me, I was soon found out ; and then  
“ there was so general an Outcry set up against me, I  
“ was obliged to fly from the Clamour.

“ THE next Character I appeared in, was that of  
“ a Moralist ; that is, I cried down all *Religion*, calling  
“ it *Superstition*, in order to set up *Morality*. By this  
“ means I imposed on several ignorant People, who  
“ were so glad to catch hold on any thing that they  
“ thought could give them any Reputation of Sense,  
“ that they were quite happy in this Distinction. There  
“ was a Set of us used to meet every Night at a Tavern,  
“ where, when we were half drunk, we all displayed  
“ our Parts on the great Beauties of *Morality*, and in  
“ *Contempt* of the *Clergy* ; for we were sure we could  
“ be very good without any of *their Teaching*. And  
“ then we raked together all the Stories which reflected  
“ Scandal on their Order. My Conversation turned  
“ chiefly

“ chiefly on the great Meanness of *Treachery*; and that  
“ all Men should have that *Honour* in their Dealings  
“ towards each other, that their Words should be as  
“ good as their Bonds. By this means there was not  
“ one of the Company whose Purse was not intirely at  
“ my Command; and had their Money lasted, I should  
“ not have been found out a great while: But when I  
“ had drained them all as much as I could, their  
“ seeing me spend what I had got from them, in my  
“ own Extravagance, whilst I would not return them  
“ one Farthing, even tho’ they really wanted it, open-  
“ ed their Eyes, and they discovered whence arose all  
“ my *boasted Morality*. They had taken no Security of  
“ me, and had no way to redress themselves; but one  
“ of them happened accidentally to be acquainted with  
“ a Tradesman, (in whose debt I was to the Value of  
“ 50 l) to whom he told the Story; and, just as all I  
“ had trick’d the others of was spent, he arrested me.

“ Now I knew not what to do:—I thought the Per-  
“ son I mentioned to you, who used sometimes to sup-  
“ ply me with Money in my last Necessities, would  
“ grow weary of doing it; and yet I had no  
“ other Refuge but to send to him. He said, he would  
“ pay the Money, if I would promise to go into the  
“ Country, and live upon a small Income, which he  
“ paid me quarterly; otherwise he would let me go to  
“ Jail, and never take any farther notice of me. Hard  
“ as these Terms appeared, I was obliged to consent to  
“ them; on which the Gentleman freed me from my  
“ Confinement, gave me Money enough to go into the  
“ Country, and paid me as usual, to maintain me there.

“ Now again, if I had not been utterly abandoned  
“ to all the Sentiments of Humanity, or the true Know-  
“ ledge of my own Interest, I had an Opportunity of  
“ recovering my lost Constitution, which I had *racked*  
“ out in such a manner, that tho’ in reality I was but  
“ a young Man, I had all the Infirmities and Diseases  
“ incident to old Age. But instead of reflecting how  
“ much I had all my Life-time been a Dupe to my own  
“ mistaken *Maxims*, and deceived myself, whilst I fan-  
“ cied I was cheating others; I grew desperate at being  
“ obliged to retire into the Country, left off all my

“ Schemes, and gave myself up so intirely to the Bot-  
“ tle, that I was seldom master of even that small  
“ Share of Understanding my *worn out Health* and  
“ *Strength* had left me; and began to curse the Author  
“ of my Being, for all those Misfortunes I had brought  
“ upon myself: Till at last Ill-humour, and the Fear of  
“ believing there was a *Deity*, made me turn Atheist;  
“ or at least my own Desire of being so, flattered me  
“ into a fixed Opinion, that I was one. In Drink and  
“ Debauchery, I spent my Quarter’s Income in a  
“ Month, with only a Reserve of enough to bring  
“ me to Town; whither I was returning with a Reso-  
“ lution of doing any thing ever so desperate, even rob-  
“ bing on the Highway, rather than deny myself the  
“ Indulgence of any vicious Passion that was upper-  
“ most. I was travelling to *London* when the Misfor-  
“ tune happened to me, which I believe will bring me  
“ to my End. I cannot say I ever enjoyed any real  
“ Happiness in my Life; for the Anxiety about the  
“ Success of my Schemes, the Fear of being found  
“ out, and the Disappointment which always attended  
“ me in the End, joined to the Envy which continually  
“ preyed on my Heart, at the good Fortune of others,  
“ has made me, ever since I came into the World, the  
“ most *wretched* of all Mortals. To this Conduct I  
“ owe my Ruin.” Here he stopt, and was so tired  
with having talked so long, that he insensibly fell into  
a sound Sleep.

THE Dinner coming then upon the Table, the  
Clergyman deferred the Remainder of what he had to  
tell them till the Afternoon. And here I think it right  
to give them time to refresh themselves, and conclude  
this Chapter.

## C H A P. VIII.

*Which proves the great Difference of those wrong Actions which arise from violent Passions, and those which have their Source in the Malignity of a rancorous Heart.*

THE Dinner passed in Observations on the *Atheist's* Story ; but as soon as the Company thought the Clergyman had recruited his Spirits enough to make it agreeable to him to relate what remained, they desired him to proceed, which he immediately complied with.

THE *Atheist* waked very light-headed, and raved on nothing but his Brother ; talked of his having concealed from them the main Part of his Story, only from Shame. But the Apothecary, by applying proper Remedies, at last brought him to his Senses, and then begged him, if there was any thing lay on his Conscience, which he had not yet disclosed, he would do it : On which he desired him to send for the *Clergyman* again : And as soon as he came, he told him, he could not be easy in his Mind till he had discovered to them the most wicked Part of his Life, which, from some small Hopes of recovering, he had not yet disclosed. “ But,” continued he, since I find it is impossible for me to live, I will no longer conceal it from you.

“ KNOW then, altho’ I was never told it, I am sensible the Relief I told you I often received in my greatest Distresses, was owing to the *best of Brothers* : But I, instead of having my Mind, overflowing with Gratitude for his Goodness, in my own Thoughts only despised his *Folly* ; for when we were young, from a Desire of engrossing to myself all my Father was worth, I contrived, while he lay on his Death-bed, to burn his real Will, and forge a new one in my own favour, in order to cheat my *fond good* Brother of his Share of his Father’s Patrimony.”

WHILST the *Clergyman* was repeating this last Incident, *David* by degrees was worked up into so great



an Agony, and so often changed Colour, that the whole Company fixed their Eyes on him; and *Valentine* begged to know what it was could have caused so sudden an Alteration in him. "Alas, Sir!" Replied *David*, with a faltering Voice, and trembling all over, "the poor Wretch, whose Story I have just heard, I know, by some Circumstances, was my own Brother. I once fondly loved him; and, notwithstanding his Behaviour, cannot hear of his Misery without the greatest Affliction. I did, indeed, support him underhand, and was in hopes to have heard, while he was yet living, that he was brought to a Sense of his own Misconduct; but had I known, at last, that he had repented of his past Life, I would have flown to have seen and forgiven him before he died. I cannot forbear paying some Tears to his Memory." In saying this, he clapp'd his Handkerchief before his Eyes.

*CAMILLA*, who was charmed with *David's* Goodness to such a Brother, and yet torn to pieces by seeing him so affected, had not power to speak; but turned so very pale, that *Cynthia* desired *Valentine* to run for a Glass of Water, for she was afraid his Sister would faint away. These Words roused *David*, and he immediately lost all Thoughts but for *Camilla*. His seeming to recover, and the Water they gave her, prevented her fainting. *Cynthia* and *Valentine* did all they could to comfort *David*; and the Clergyman was very much grieved, that he had accidentally been the Occasion of all this Confusion.

WHILST they were in this Situation, a Servant came up, and told *Camilla* there was an old Gentleman below, who begg'd to speak with her. She ran down Stairs with such precipitation as amazed them all; but they were much more surprized when they heard her scream out, as if some terrible Accident had happened to her. They did not lose a moment before they flew to her Relief: They met an old Gentleman bringing her up in his Arms, and crying out. "Oh give me way, for in finding my Child I have for ever lost her:

“ her : But, dead or alive, I will hold her in my Arms,  
“ and never part with her more.”

*CYNTHIA* and *Valentine* presently knew him to be their Father ; and what he said, convinced *David* it could be no other. They conducted him into a Chamber, where he gently laid *Camilla* on the Bed. Their present Thoughts were all taken up in bring her to herself : But the moment she opened her Eyes, she fixed them on her Father for some time, without being able to utter her Words. At last she burst into a Flood of Tears, which gave her some Relief, and enabled her to say, “ Am I then, at last, so happy that my Father  
“ thinks we worthy his Regard ? And could you be so  
“ good, Sir, to come to look for me ?” *Valentine* took hold of the first Opportunity to throw himself at his Father’s Feet, and begged he would condescend to look on *him*. He tenderly raised him, and embracing him said, “ Oh my Son ! nothing but the Condition I  
“ saw your Sister in, could have prevented my speaking to you before.” He then flew from him to *Camilla*, and then back to him again, which he repeated alternately for the space of some Minutes. At last, in his Extasy, he fell on his Knees, and said, “ my dearest Children, if you can forgive me, (for Guilt has  
“ render’d me unworthy of such a Son and Daughter)  
“ every Minute of my future Life shall be employed to promote your Pleasure and Happiness.” They both, almost by force, got him up from the Ground, and assured him, if he would be so good to restore them to his Love, having whole Worlds at their Command could not afford them half the Comfort. In short, to describe this Scene, and all the Grief which the poor old Gentleman (who had no Fault, but that of having been misled by a too violent Passion) and his Children felt, requires a *Shakespear*’s Pen ; therefore I am willing to close it, as soon as soon as possible, being quite unequal to the Task. *David* and *Cynthia* felt all the Tenderness and Pleasure of their Friends ; and the *Clergyman* rejoiced in having found a Company where so much Goodness reigned. He took his Leave for the present, thinking at this Juncture he  
might

might be troublesome, with a Promise of returning again in a Day or two to see them.

THE poor old Gentleman was much overcome by the violent Agitation of his Spirits, that he could hardly bring himself that Evening to speak one coherent Sentence. All they could get from him was, that *Livia* was dead, and a Promise to tell them all another time. But his Childrens Goodness, and the Joy of seeing them after so long a Separation, was more than he could bear, and almost deprived him of the Power of Speech. To say the truth, this good Man was so entirely overcome with Extacy at the Sight and Behaviour of his Children, that he was that Night incapable of enquiring what Methods they had taken to procure Subsistence from the time he had lost them. But by the little he could gather, his Heart was inflamed with the warmest Gratitude to *David*.

*CAMILLA*, seeing how much her Father was affected, prevailed on him to retire to Rest. *David* was now resolved, as *Camilla* had found her only surviving Parent, that very Night to obtain her Consent to his asking her Father's Approbation of his Love, and desired the Liberty of entertaining her one Hour alone.

I SHALL not dwell minutely on this Part of my Hero's Life, as I have too much Regard for my Readers to make them *third Persons to Lovers*; and shall only inform the Curious, that *Camilla*, on the Consideration that she had already received such strong Proofs of *David's* sincere Affection, thought proper to abate something of the *Ceremonies* prescribed to Lovers, before they can find out whether their Mistresses like them, or no. And as she was convinced every Word of her's was capable of giving him either the greatest *Pleasure*, or the utmost *Pain*, her Tenderness and Softness prevented her making use of any of that *Coquetry* which is very prevalent in some part of her Sex. She was not ashamed to own she loved him, and that if her Father consented, the greatest Happiness she could propose in this World was, to imploy that Life he had so generously saved, in endeavouring to make him happy.

AND

AND now, Reader, if you are inclined to have an adequate Idea of *David's* Raptures on that Confession, think what pretty Miss feels when her Parents wisely prefer her in their Applause to all her Brothers and Sisters: Observe her yet a little older, when she is pinning on her first Manteau and Petticoat; then follow her to the Ball, and view her Eyes sparkle, and the convulsive Tosses of her Person on the first Compliment she receives: But don't lose sight of her, till you place her in a Room full of Company, where she hears her Rival condemned for *Indiscretion*, and exults in her *Loss of Reputation*. No matter whether she rivals her in my Lord———or Captain,——— or 'Squire, &c. &c.———For as she equally desirous of engrossing the Admiration of all, her Enmity is equal towards the Woman who deprives her of *such great Blessings*, which-ever she robs her of.—Imagine the Joys of an ambitious Man, , who has just supplanted his Enemy, and is got into his Place; imagine what a young Lawyer feels the first Cause he has gained; or a young Officer the first time he mounts Guard.—But imagine what you will, unless you have experienced what it is to be both a sincere and successful Lover, you never can imagine any thing equal to what *David* felt.

THE Conversation between him and *Camilla* was of the delicatest, tenderest kind; and he told her with the greatest Joy, that she had delivered him from the utmost Despair of ever meeting with any Happiness in this World: For that when he had the good Fortune to meet with her, his Condition was so unhappy, that he began seriously to think of getting into some corner of the Earth, where he might never see the Face of a human Creature: for to be always in the midst of People, who, by their Behaviour, forc'd him to despise them, was to him the greatest of all Curses. “ To you therefore, Madam, said he, I owe that delicate Pleasure  
“ of having my Taste approved by my Judgment. You  
“ know, I made an Offer to *Cynthia*, for I never desir-  
“ ed to conceal any thing from you. I thought indeed,  
“ that in her I had met with what I was in search of, a  
“ Woman



“ Woman I could esteem. This made me admire her ;  
“ but you alone truly touched my Heart.”

CAMILLA exulted as much in having gained so generous, so good a Man as *David*, and had now no farther Thoughts of his Love for *Cynthia*: But the mentioning her, put her in mind of *Valentine* ; as as she was not amongst that number of People who can be very happy *themselves*, though their *Friends* be at the same time ever so *miserable*, she could not help *Sighing* at the Reflection, how difficult it would be for *Valentine* to bring about a Marriage with *Cynthia*.

DAVID immediately guessed the Cause of her suddenly growing melancholy, and told her, he should not deserve the good Opinion she had expressed of him, if he could enjoy any one Pleasure in Life, while her Brother was unhappy ; that the death of the poor Creature, whose Story the *Clergyman* had related, added something to his Income, and he thought he had enough to make her and all her Family easy in a private retired way of Life ; and as to his part, that was all he desired. *Camilla* was every Minute more and more charmed with his Goodness ; and as she was certain, he delighted in no other Expence but assisting his Friends, and that she herself could be contented in any Way of Life, provided every one she lived with was easy ; she thought it more Greatness of mind to let *David* fully satisfy his *Darling Passion* of *doing good*, and to live lower herself in order to serve her Brother, than to refuse her Lover's Offer, under the pretence of thinking she ought not to burden him, only that she might have more Opportunities of indulging herself.

THEY went together to see for *Valentine* and *Cynthia* ; and found them both sitting in the most pensive manner, as if they were quite uneasy : and upon Inquiry found that *Cynthia* had fixed a Resolution on *Valentine's* begging her Leave, now he had found his Father, to ask his consent to marry her, of leaving them the next Day ; for she insisted on it, that she would not come into a family to be any Disadvantage to it. She owned if she had a Fortune, she should think herself happy in giving it to *Valentine* ; for that from her Youth he was the only Man she had ever thought on : but in her present Circumstances she could have no other Prospect,  
but

but to be a Burden to him as long as she lived, and was resolved she would suffer any thing rather than that should ever be the Case.

DAVID begged her to consider, that in *Valentine's* Happiness she would increase, instead of diminish that of the whole Family; in short, they all used so many Arguments with her, that at last she found her Resolution began to stagger, and therefore got up and insisted on going to bed, saying, she would consider farther of it. *Valentine* could not but approve of *Cynthia's* Conduct, and the very Method she took to prevail on him, to get the better of his Inclination, only increased it so much the more. *David* and *Camilla* sat up with him some time, for he was so uneasy he could not presently compose himself to rest. His Passion for *Cynthia* had got so much the better of him, that it was not in his power to command it; and yet he could not help condemning the Thoughts of indulging himself at the Expence of so great, and good a Friend as *David*.

The next Morning, as soon as *Valentine* and *Camilla* heard their Father was awake, they went to pay their Duty to him. Excessive was the Joy they felt at thus having an Opportunity of again renewing what had been their greatest pleasure from their Infancy. The poor old Gentleman, even the Day he was married to his beloved *Livia*, never experienced half the Raptures the sight of his long-lost Children gave him. As soon as he was up, and they had all breakfasted together, *Camilla* begged her Father, if it would not be troublesome to relate how *Livia* died, and what had happened since their unfortunate Separation: saying, he might speak any thing before all that Company; for that *Cynthia* was no Stranger to him, and she was sure the Man who by his Goodness had saved both her's and her Brother's Life, and been their only Support, would be always esteemed by him as his Friend. Her Father who was now restored again to his former Self, followed his usual Method of not delaying a moment before he complied with what she desired, and began as follows.

“ I must take shame to my self, that at my Age, and  
“ having two such Children to be my comfort, I suffered  
“ an unreasonable passion to overcome me to their disadvantage. Which way shall I be able to thank the Man  
“ who

“ who has preserved them to bless me again with their  
“ Sight ? From the time you left me, and I was per-  
“ suaded of your Infamy, I was every day more and  
“ more taken up with my Admiration of *Livia*. She  
“ turned and wound me just according to her own In-  
“ clinations ; my Thoughts were almost all swallowed  
“ up in the Contemplation of her Charms, and my De-  
“ sires wholly centered in her Happiness ; and yet in  
“ spite of all my Fondness, a Sigh would sometimes  
“ steal from my Breast, when the Idea of my Chil-  
“ dren forced itself on my Fancy. I made no scruple  
“ of disclosing whatever I felt to *Livia* : But whenever  
“ I spoke of you, she constantly grew *melancholy*, took  
“ care to drop Expressions, (and they appeared to flow  
“ from the height of her Love) as if no *Behaviour* of  
“ hers could fix my whole Affections : but that she  
“ found even *Undutifulness to me*, and the most *abandon-*  
“ *ed Actions* could not erase from my Mind, the *Per-*  
“ *sons* I loved so much *better than her*. In short, it is  
“ impossible to describe half the *Arts* she made use of,  
“ that I might never *mention* or *think of you*. *Fits*,  
“ *Tears*, and *Good humour*, were play’d upon me each  
“ in their turn, till I was almost out of my Senses ;  
“ but if ever her Behaviour provoked me to be the  
“ least suspicious of her, the next Moment her *Smiles*  
“ threw my Soul into Raptures, and every other  
“ Thought gave way to the Delight and Joy she in-  
“ spired me with.

“ ALL the Money I could get, she spent in her Ex-  
“ travagance, till at last I found I could support it no  
“ longer, and was obliged to keep in my own House,  
“ for fear of my Creditors. I durst not so much as  
“ mention you, for fear of shocking *Livia* ; and all this,  
“ I was blind enough to impute to her great *Tendernefs*  
“ *for me*. But Poverty, the continual Fear of seeing  
“ her miserable, and the horrible Thought which some-  
“ times forced itself upon me, of what could become of  
“ my Children, had such an effect on me, that it threw  
“ me into violent Disorders, and made me quite un-  
“ healthy. I was in the utmost Despair, how to sup-  
“ port her, or myself.

“ WHILST I was in this unhappy Situation, *Livia*’s  
“ Brother died ; and as he had before lost his Wife

“ and

“ and Children, and *Livia* was his nearest Relation, in  
 “ Consideration of my Kindness to her, and knowing  
 “ her extravagant Temper, he left me in full Possession  
 “ of all his Fortune, which amounted to twenty thousand Pounds. This was a very seasonable Relief to  
 “ me ; but yet it was some time before I could in the  
 “ least recover my Constitution, during which time  
 “ she nursed me with all the assiduity of the most tender Wife in the World, in hopes of getting this new  
 “ Fortune from me. She sat up with me whole  
 “ Nights ; and as she was always with me, her Flattery at last got such an ascendant over me, that I was  
 “ besotted to her Love, and forgot I had ever been a  
 “ Father. Thus getting rid of my most painful  
 “ Thought, and in possession of a plentiful Fortune I  
 “ grew soon well and strong again. But *Livia's* Diffimulation cost her her Life ; for the Delicacy of her  
 “ Frame could not support the Fatigue she had undergone during my Illness, and she fell into a nervous Fever, of which she died

“ THAT Distemper naturally inclines People to all  
 “ manner of horrible Thoughts ; and as her Crimes  
 “ were such, as greatly heightened all the Terrors of it,  
 “ she was at last, by the Perturbation of her own Mind,  
 “ forced to confess to me all the Arts she had used, to  
 “ make me have an ill Opinion of you while you lived  
 “ with me ; and that she had afterwards falsely accused  
 “ you of a Crime, she had no manner of reason to suspect you of, in order to prevent any Means of a Reconciliation between us.

“ IMAGINE now, my dear Children, what I felt,  
 “ when the consideration of this Woman's Perfidiousness brought back to my Memory all your Goodness;  
 “ and when I considered what Miseries you must have  
 “ been exposed to in being abandoned to the wide  
 “ World without any Support, I thought I should  
 “ have gone distracted. I asked her, what could have  
 “ tempted her thus to ruin the Man who doated on her,  
 “ and whose every Wish was centered in her Happiness.  
 “ All the Reason I could get from her was, that she  
 “ thought her *Interest* and yours was incompatible ; for  
 “ the more I did for you, the less she could have for  
 “ her-



“ herself: That she soon perceived your Discontent at  
“ the Alteration of my Behaviour to you ; and as she  
“ was your Enemy, she concluded you must be hers.  
“ This she said made her go greater Lengths than she at  
“ first intended. Soon after this Confession she died,  
“ and left me in a Condition impossible to express. And  
“ as I am now convinced of your Love and Tenderness  
“ for me, I will not shock you with the Repetition of  
“ it.

“ THE next Day while I was revolving in my Mind  
“ what Method I should take to find you again, my  
“ Lord . . . . came to see me. At first my Servant  
“ denied me, and said I saw no Company ; he insisted  
“ on coming up, saying, he had something of the great-  
“ est Consequence to impart to me. The Moment he  
“ entered the Room, he informed me, that by Accident  
“ he had met with you and *Valentine*.-- This sudden  
“ Transport of Joy almost deprived me of my Senses ;  
“ I asked him a thousand Questions before I gave him  
“ time to answer one: At last, as soon as he could  
“ speak, he told me, he was convinced by your Beha-  
“ viour, you was intirely innocent ; and if I would  
“ send for you home, and clear up your Reputation,  
“ he should be very glad to receive you as his Wife.  
“ I was quite astonished at this Discourse, but however  
“ would not stay with him a Minute longer, than to  
“ thank him for his good news and kind Offer, took a  
“ Direction where to find you, and flew once more to  
“ have the Happiness of embracing my dear Children.

“ I have but ten thousand Pounds left ; divide it be-  
“ tween you : and for the rest of my Life, all I desire is  
“ to see you both happy.”—And then addressing him-  
“ self to *David*, he said, “ Are there any Words, Sir,  
“ capable of expressing the Gratitude I owe you, for  
“ your supporting so generously these two young Crea-  
“ tures ?”

*DAVID*, who had trembled from the time he had  
mentioned my Lord . . . . now thought he had an Op-  
portunity to speak ; and immediately replied, “ If, Sir,  
“ you think you have any Obligations to me, which I  
“ assure you I do not, as I am fully paid by having  
“ served Persons of such worth as *Valentine* and *Camilla* ;

“ it

“ it is in your Power to give me all my Soul holds  
“ dear:—Consent to my having a Title to call you  
“ Father, by being joined for ever to *Camilla*, and the  
“ World cannot produce a Man so happy as myself.”  
*Camilla* added, that it was what she wished, and related in what manner she had already refused my Lord . . . ; on which the old Gentleman immediately joined their Hands, assuring *David*, he had rather see his Daughter married to the Man, whose Actions had so strongly proved his real Love for her, than to any Estate or Title in *Europe*.

*CAMILLA* saw *Valentine* was afraid to speak, as *Cynthia* had not yet given him Permission; and therefore undertook it herself, as she was resolved to make her own Happiness compleat by adding that of her Brother's to it. She told her Father, that to compleat the general Joy, there was yet wanting his Consent to her Brother's taking *Cynthia* for a Wife. On this *Valentine* fell on his Knees, and said, his Sister had asked the only Thing which could make him happy. His Desires were no sooner known than complied with, by his now once more fond Father.

*CYNTHIA*, on hearing that he might be able to live with her in a decent, though plain Way, thought she had now no longer any Reason to refuse him the Happiness of being her Support and Protector, and inwardly enjoyed the Thought of the Pleasure a Man of his Temper must have, in finding it in his Power to be so. *David* insisted, that what Fortune was amongst them might be shared in common; and they all joined in intreating the good old Gentleman to spend the rest of his Days with them, assuring him, his Will should be a Law to them all. And now I believe it is impossible for the most lively Imagination to form an Idea of greater Happiness than was enjoyed by this whole Company. That very Evening the *Clergyman* before mentioned came to see them; and although he really liked *Cynthia*, yet had he so little Selfishness in him, he heartily congratulated them all on their Happiness; and the next Morning was appointed by the Consent of all Parties for the performing the Ceremony.

## CHAP. IX.

*Containing two Weddings, and consequently the Conclusion of the Book.*

THE next Morning as soon as *Camilla* rose, she went into *Cynthia's* Chamber, where they mutually congratulated each other, on the Happiness they had now so near a Prospect of enjoying for the rest of their Lives, (after all the Scenes of Misery they had gone through) in being for ever joined to the only Men they could really like or esteem. *Camilla*, with a Smile, related to her Friend what Pain she had suffered, from an Apprehension of *David's* former Kindness for *Cynthia*; who, according to her usual obliging manner, replied, that *David* indeed did her the Honour of his Esteem; and she believed the Condition in which he first found her, raised Compassion enough in a Heart like his, to make him imagine he loved her: But, continued she, with Joy I perceive, that you, *my Camilla*, whom for the future I am to have the Pleasure of calling Sister, are the only Person who could truly touch his Heart. *Camilla* blushed, and felt at that Moment (if possible) more Tenderness for *Cynthia* than ever. But before she had Time to make any Answer, a Message was brought from her Father, that he desired them both to walk into another Apartment, where *David*, *Valentine*, and the Clergyman waited for them. From thence they proceeded to the Church, where the Ceremony was performed. To attempt to describe *David's* and *Valentine's* Raptures, is utterly impossible; *Camilla* and *Cynthia*, without Reluctance, gave their Hands where their Hearts were already united with so much Sincerity.

THE old Gentleman wept for Joy, that all *Livia's* Deceit, and Cunning, and his own extravagant Passion for her, could not prevent his enjoying the excessive Happiness of thus blessing his Children, and having such a Prospect of their Prosperity. And the *Clergyman's* real Goodness made him partake of all their Pleasures.

PERHAPS

PERHAPS it may be here expected I should give some Description of the Persons of my favourite Characters; but as the Writers of Novels and Romances have already exhausted all the Beauties of Nature to adorn their Heroes and Heroines, I shall leave it to my Readers Imagination to, form them just as they like best : It is their Minds I have taken most Pains to bring them acquainted with, and from that Acquaintance it will be easy to judge what Scheme of Life was followed by this whole Company.

DAVID's Travels were now at an End, and he thought himself overpaid in *Camilla's* Goodness for all his Troubles and Disappointments. On the other side, her Happiness was compleat, in having it in her Power to give *David* Pleasure ;—in seeing her Brother, instead of the miserable Condition he was once in—now in the Possession of all he desired ;—in having her Friend for her Companion, and in her Father's returning and growing Fondness.

VALENTINE and *Cynthia* had not a Wish beyond what they enjoyed ; and the Father had all the Comfort his Age would admit of, in the dutiful and affectionate Behaviour of all his Children towards him.

EVERY little Incident in Life was turned into some delicate Pleasure to the whole Company, by each of them endeavouring to make every Thing contribute to the Happiness of the others. The very Infirmities, which it is impossible for human Nature to escape, such as Pain, Sickness, &c. were by their Contrivance not only made supportable, but fully compensated in the fresh Opportunities they gave each Individual of testifying their Tenderness and Care for the whole. In short, it is impossible for the most lively Imagination to form an Idea more pleasing than what this little Society enjoyed, in the true Proofs of each other's Love : And as strong a Picture as this is of real Happiness, it is in the Power of ever Community to attain it, if every Member of it would perform the Part allotted him by Nature, or his Station in Life, with a sincere Regard to the Interest and Pleasure of the whole. Let every Man, instead of bursting with Rage, and Envy, at the Advantages of Nature, or Station,  
another



another has over him, extend his Views far enough to consider, that if he acts his Part well, he deserves as much *Applause*, and is as useful a Member of Society, as any other Man whatever : For in every Machine, the smallest Parts conduce as much to the keeping it together, and to regulate its Motions, as the greatest. That the Stage is a Picture of Life, has been observed by almost every Body, *especially since Shakespear's Time* ; and nothing can make the Mataphor more strong, than the observing every Theatrical Performance spoiled, by the great Desire *each Performer shows of playing the Top-Part*. In the Animal and Vegetable World there would be full as much Confusion as there is in human Life, was not every Thing kept in its proper Place :

*Where Order in Variety we see ;  
And where, tho' all Things differ, all agree.*

THE lowly Hedge, and humble Shrub, contribute to the varying, and consequently beautifying the Prospect, as well as the stately Oak and lofty Pine. Were all Mankind contented to exert their own Faculties for the common Good, neither envying those who in any Respect have a Superiority over them, nor despising such as they think their Inferiors ; real Happiness would be attainable, notwithstanding all that has been said on that Subject : and the various Humours, and the different Understandings with which Human Nature is supplied, would, instead of *Discord*, produce such a *Harmony*, as would infallibly make the whole Species happy.

IF every Man, who is possessed of a greater Share of *Wit* than is common, instead of insulting and satirizing others, would make Use of his Talents for the Advantage and Pleasure of the Society to which he happens more particularly to belong ; and they, instead of hating him for his *superior Parts*, would, in return for the Entertainment he affords them, exert all the Abilities Nature has given them, for his Use, in common with themselves ; what Happiness would Mankind enjoy, and who could complain of being miserable ? It was this Care, *Tenderness*, and *Benevolence* to each other,

other, which made *David*, and his amiable Company happy ; who, quite contrary to the rest of the World, for every trifling Frailty blamed themselves, whilst it was the Business of all the rest, to lessen, instead of aggravating their Faults. In short, it is this Tendernefs and Benevolence, which alone can give any real Pleasure, and which I most sincerely wish to all my Readers.

F I N I S.

